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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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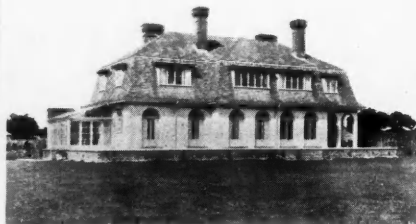
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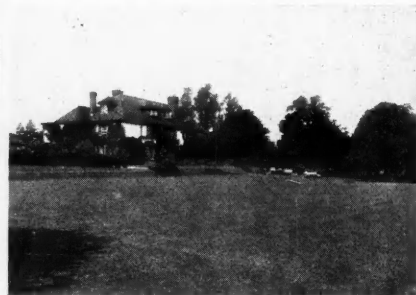
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BETWEEN ABERGAVENNY AND RAGLAN

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF
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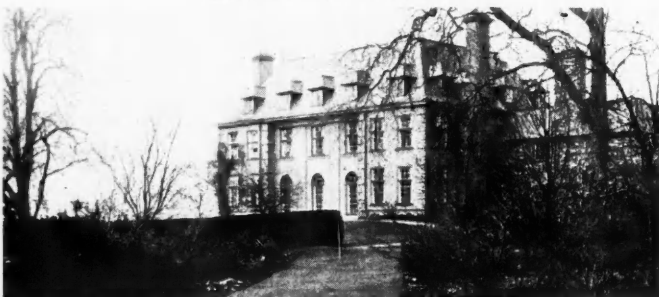
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Commanding magnificent views of the
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Entrance hall, three reception rooms,
music room, fourteen bedrooms, four
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DELIGHTFUL GARDENS
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HOME FARM

with house, buildings, cottage and about

298 ACRES,

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SHIRE FOXHOUNDS CLOSE BY.

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In a much-sought-after situation in lovely part of

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SEVENTEEN MILES FROM TOWN
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NEAR SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSES.



For SALE, a very
fine HOUSE with
every comfort and in
perfect order, built of
well-toned red-brick
and approached by
well-kept carriage
drive with lodge at
entrance. Fine gal-
leried hall, panelled
in oak, drawing room
31ft. by 18ft., dining
room 26ft. by 18ft.,
billiard room, morning
room, twelve bed-
rooms, three bath-
rooms.

Co.'s electric light.
Radiators throughout.

GARAGE FOR FOUR CARS. STABLING. TWO USEFUL FLATS.
FINE GARDENS, wide spreading lawns with rhododendrons, azaleas, tennis
court, small bathing pool, kitchen garden, glasshouses; in all

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FINEST POSITION ON THE KENTISH HILLS.

NEAR SEVENOAKS

400ft. up with views of surpassing beauty, rural country.
FOR SALE, DELIGHTFUL SMALL PROPERTY



standing well away
from road with wide
carriage drive. Accom-
modation includes:
Lounge, conserva-
tory, dining room
24ft. by 16ft., draw-
ing room 25ft. by
16ft., 6in., morning
room 16ft. 6in. by
14ft., small sitting
room, loggia, nine bed
and dressing rooms,
two bathrooms. Ex-
cellent stabling for
five horses, garage
and three rooms for
man. Cottage and
small farmery.

ELEVEN ACRES

of well-displayed grounds, tennis and other lawns, woodlands, kitchen garden and
paddock.

HUNTING. GOLF.

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SOUTH DEVON

Amidst very beautiful surroundings.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED A XVIIth CENTURY HOUSE

approached by two drives.



Panelled hall,
Three charming re-
ception rooms,
Ten bedrooms,
Three bathrooms.

Water by a ram.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GARAGE.

One or two cottages
as required.

SEMI-TROPICAL GARDENS with a magnificent beech avenue, together with

SHOOTING OVER 325 ACRES

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ONLY 44 MILES FROM LONDON.

Open position, 300ft. up, fine views, absolutely secluded from main road.

GENUINE TUDOR FARMHOUSE WITH GEORGIAN
ADDITION.

Recently modernised
in every respect with
central heating, main
electric light, main
water, modern drain-
age. Seven bed and
dressing rooms (five
with running water),
three reception, three
baths.

GARAGE.

STABLING.

Large barn, east

house. Walled kitchen

garden.

Orchard, paddock;

in all extending to

about



SEVEN ACRES

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £4,000.

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BARGAIN AT £3,750

OR WOULD BE LET.

Facing south with nice open views.

LOVELY RURAL AND SECLUDED POSITION NEAR A PRETTY
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EASY REACH OF READING. EXCELLENT SPORTING FACILITIES.

CHARMING OLD

FREEHOLD

HOUSE

in admirable order,

and containing en-
trance and lounge

halls, two reception

rooms, study, seven

bedrooms, bathroom,

compact offices, de-
tached billiards room.

Oak floors and panel-
ling. Co.'s gas and

water. Open electric

light. Cottage.

Ample garage and

stabling

accommodation.



LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS, ornamental and tennis lawns, kitchen garden,
orchard, paddocks, etc.; in all over FOURTEEN ACRES.

Additional cottages and land up to 85 ACRES may be purchased if desired.

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NEAR A PEACEFUL VILLAGE AND COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

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Eight miles from Lewes.

Easy reach of coast.

FIRST-CLASS SPORTING FACILITIES.

For SALE delightful

FREEHOLD

RESIDENCE

containing hall, three

reception rooms, eight

bedrooms, two bath-

rooms, offices.

Central heating.

Lavatory basins in

bedrooms.

Company's electric

light.

COTTAGE.

GARAGES.

STABLING.



MOST CHARMING GROUNDS

with lake, and well shaded and displayed, extending to about

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For Sale, a

Charming Georgian Residence

choicely situate, facing South, with extensive and beautiful views.

Lounge hall, four reception rooms, eleven bedrooms, two bathrooms.

Central Heating.
Co.'s Water and Electricity.

Stabling and garage accommodation. Matured gardens and grounds; in all

20 Acres

If desired two First-rate Dairy Farms adjoining can be purchased, making in all **600 Acres.**

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SOUTH OF GUILDFORD

Secluded situation in unspoilt country.

A fascinating Old-World Residence



Three reception rooms, ten bedrooms, three bathrooms.
Electric Light. **THREE COTTAGES.** Central Heating, etc.

Matured grounds, pasture and woodland; in all

54 ACRES

Immediate Sale Desired. Offers invited.

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NORFOLK

Near Kennels of West Norfolk Hunts.

GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

with period features. Well placed in the centre of the property, approached by a long carriage drive with Lodge entrance.

Four reception, twelve bedrooms, three bathrooms; electric light, etc.

Matured old Grounds.

Two Farms (Let). Five Cottages.

Price only £8,000 with 500 Acres

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IN A MAGNIFICENT SETTING OF WOODS AND DOWNLANDS IN WEST SUSSEX

THIS FAULTLESSLY APPOINTED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

on which large sums of money have been lavished in making it up-to-date in every possible way with lavatory basins in bedrooms, parquet floors, complete central heating, Co.'s electricity and water, etc.

Four reception rooms, ballroom, fifteen bedrooms.
Seven luxuriously appointed bathrooms.

STABLING, ETC.

LODGE.

COTTAGE.

Dignified Old Grounds and Parklands of 40 Acres

Probably the finest property of its size in the market, and for sale at practically the cost of recent improvements.

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GLOS-WILTS BORDERS

360ft. up with lovely views.



PICTURESQUE OLD TUDOR RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, three reception rooms, ten bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

Electric Light. Central Heating.

Ample stabling and garage accommodation.

Matured Gardens

studded with fine old trees. Pasture, woodland, etc., bounded by a trout stream.

£3,250 40 ACRES

More land available.

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Easy reach of Ipswich and the Coast



TO BE SOLD.

This Beautiful Old House

dating from 1538, recently reconstructed and modernised, and now in perfect order with well-planned accommodation.

Large lounge hall, three well-proportioned reception rooms, billiard room, eleven bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms.

Electric Light. Central Heating.

Extensive garage with men's rooms, two modern cottages.

The grounds are a feature and are beautifully timbered whilst the old moat and rustic bridge lends added charm.

EIGHT ACRES

Reduced Price for Early Sale

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500ft. above sea level in some of the loveliest scenery in the county, and within easy reach of a good town.



A CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE beautifully placed in well-timbered grounds and undulating parklands

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Hall, three well-proportioned reception rooms, twelve bedrooms, four luxuriously appointed bathrooms, up-to-date offices.

Electric light.

Central heating.

Lavatory basins in bedrooms.

In excellent order and can be run on small staff.

Extensive stabling and garage accommodation. Gardener's flat.

£5,750. 30 ACRES

(More land available)

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Absolutely fresh in the Market.

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400ft. above sea; well sheltered, facing south. TO BE SOLD, a fine stone-built RESIDENCE in the Tudor style, beautifully positioned, away from main road and containing:

Eleven bedrooms, three bathrooms, dressing rooms, three reception rooms and boudoir, nice hall and complete offices.

Central heating. Electric lighting. Gravitation water.

Ample GARAGE with chauffeur's flat, good STABLING; well-timbered grounds, walled garden, orchards, woods and meadowland.

Price and particulars from Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W. 1. (7830.)

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IN A HIGH AND PERFECTLY RURAL SITUATION.

TO BE SOLD.

A VERY WELL APPOINTED MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE

(ten bedrooms, etc.),

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THE OUTBUILDINGS ARE GOOD AND INCLUDE EXCELLENT STABLING, GOOD GARAGE AND STAFF ACCOMMODATION.

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A SHORT MOTOR RUN FROM EXETER

SURROUNDED BY SOME OF THE PRETTIEST OF THE FAMOUS DEVON SCENERY.



FOR SALE, at a really tempting price, this BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE (1750), occupying a delightful situation, and containing:
Eleven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, three well-proportioned reception rooms, oak-panelled hall, and interesting old staircase and period features, etc.; electric lighting, gravitation water, 'phone.

GARAGE, STABLING, FARMERY. Charming OLD GROUNDS, large paddock.

TEN ACRES IN ALL

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400FT. UP.

FACING SOUTH

COMPACT RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PROPERTY

Carrying a copy of an Elizabethan Manor House; built of local stone.



Fourteen or fifteen bedrooms, three bathrooms, three large reception rooms.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.

Garages. Extensive stabling. Nine cottages. Home farm.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS. RICH PASTURELAND.

TO BE SOLD WITH 200 ACRES

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A most beautifully appointed RESIDENCE with private gate to the New Forest; four reception, three baths, eleven bed (all with fitted basins); all modern conveniences with central heating throughout; garages, stabling, lodge, two cottages, farmery; delightful grounds with tennis court, etc., 2 kitchen gardens and pastureland; in all about

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FOR SALE, FREEHOLD. VERY REASONABLE PRICE (or would be Let, Furnished).

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PACKS, AND ONLY ELEVEN MILES FROM THE COAST.



£3,250 WITH 20 ACRES.

and standing 300ft. above sea, the RESIDENCE contains

Hall, three capital reception rooms, bathroom and nine bed and dressing rooms, and has Co.'s electricity installed.

GARAGE FOR THREE. STABLING FOR SIX.

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PROLIFIC FRUIT AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, THE REMAINDER GRASSLAND.

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AND CHIPPING NORTON.

PRICE REDUCED FOR QUICK SALE.
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UNIQUE TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, skilfully restored and retaining all old-world features; full of old oak timbering; lounge hall (25ft. by 20ft.), with open fireplace and oak beams; two large reception rooms, six principal bedrooms, two maids' bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); GARAGE; DELIGHTFUL MATURED GROUNDS, Paddock, etc.; in all about

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Company's electricity. Abundant water. Modern drainage. FOR SALE AT LOW FIGURE. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W. 1. (L.R. 14,157.)

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Secluded position, in a delightful part of this country.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD RESIDENCE, dating from the XVth century, built of brick with half-timbering, and possessing a wealth of old oak; entrance hall, three reception rooms, five bedrooms, nursery and two bathrooms; MAIN WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND DRAINAGE; GARAGE.

TASTEFUL GARDEN.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,950

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W. 1. (L.R. 14,624.)

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In quiet position in the centre of its own land.

A PICTURESQUE TUDOR RESIDENCE, with three reception rooms, with oak beams and brick fireplace, five bedrooms and bathroom; ATTRACTIVE SMALL GROUNDS; EXCELLENT BUILDINGS. PAIR OF QUEEN ANNE COTTAGES.

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THIS MODERNISED PERIOD HOUSE, containing many interesting features, including open fireplaces and Stuart staircase. Three reception rooms, five bedrooms and two bathrooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT AND MAIN WATER; TWO COTTAGES AND OUTBUILDINGS, including TWO OLD KENTISH BARNS; PICTURESQUE GARDEN, with pond, moat and woodland walks; ORCHARDS AND PASTURELAND; in all about

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Would be sold with less land.

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UNIQUE HOUSE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER DATING FROM 1756 A.D.

*In splendid order. Five reception. Sixteen bedrooms, three bathrooms.
Lighting, heating and water supply. Garage and stabling. Farmery and three cottages.*

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*Handsome timber. Lakes and stream. Trout fishing. Fine lawns.
Walled kitchen garden. Rich grassland.*

OVER 60 ACRES. LOW PRICE CONSIDERED.

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ORIGINAL XIVth CENTURY SUSSEX MANOR.

—A short distance from the coast. Magnificent position in timbered park; panoramic views due south. Unique specimen of mediæval architecture; mellowed stone in splendid state of preservation. Banqueting hall, three reception; interior features of great interest. Tudor staircase, twelve bed, two bath. Ancient chapel, fine half-timber work, original stone fireplaces. A gem that baffles mere description. In present Owner's family for 300 years. Old English gardens, box and yew hedges, lawns, grassland and woods. 75 ACRES. Low price. (9526.)

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Magnificent position on Surrey Hills; 600ft. with beautiful views. Exceedingly picturesque HOUSE, erected by famous architect in style of Sussex farmhouse; perfect privacy; entirely on two floors. Three reception, billiard room, twelve bedrooms, five baths; all main services, central heating, basins in all bedrooms; garage for three cars; unique pleasure grounds, rock garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, woodland and meadowland. Great sacrifice with nine or fifteen acres. Would LET at £250 per annum. First-class golf. (15,715.)

RESTORED ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE.

within a short distance of Tunbridge Wells; approached by quiet lane; most attractive appearance; mellowed brick, dormer windows, beautifully timbered interior, old fireplaces, beams and rafters; lounge hall, two reception, seven bedrooms, bathroom; all main services. Old oasthouses converted rooms for chauffeur and gardener; range of kennels, garage, cottage. Lovely gardens, lawns, yew hedges, rose gardens, hard court, rock garden and pool, kitchen garden, grassland; 9 or 22 acres. For SALE, privately. Close to golf. Ideal for business man. Express rail to Town. (15,524.)

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UNIQUE TUDOR MANOR

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Secluded position on outskirts of old-world village. Historical locality associated with the Civil War and close to famous battlefield.

OLD OAK INTERIOR.

Three reception, nine bed, two baths; main electricity, water, heating; stabling for twelve hunters, men's rooms, garage, groom's cottage, farmbuildings. Inexpensive grounds, lawns, formal gardens, tennis courts.

RICH PASTURE INCOME DERIVED.

130 ACRES. QUICK SALE.

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—Amidst the unspoilt Weald, seventeen miles from the coast. Exceptionally well built. Mellowed red brick and attractive dormer windows. Secluded position, fine views, long drive, lodge, three reception, eleven bedrooms, three baths; main water and electricity, radiators; splendid order; unique Badminton court, gardens of great beauty; garage for three cars; woodland dell, thousands of bulbs in season, small paddock, lawns, ornamental timber. Twelve acres. Hunting and golf. Easy reach of quaint old market town. Urgent Sale imperative. Should be seen at once. (13,556.)

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Sandwiched between woods and private Estates. Unique HOUSE of unusual design, best described as "long low white house with green shutters." Private road approach, four reception, twelve bedrooms, five baths, loggia with roof garden; hot and cold water everywhere, electric light, central heating; garages. Lovely grounds, hard court; near safe anchorage for yachts; good golf; grassland available. For SALE with 2 or 32 acres. Might Let, Furnished, for winter months. Enjoys maximum amount of sunshine. Recommended by Sole Agents. (14,130.)

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Under an hour from Baker Street and Marylebone. Exceedingly well designed HOUSE of most pleasing appearance; magnificent position protected by handsome beechwood. Extensive views to south. Perfect order and repair; long drive from unfrequented lane; four reception, eleven bedrooms, three baths; main electricity and water, heating, new drainage; garage, two cottages; gardens quite a feature, pergola, rock garden, terraced walls, lily ponds, hard court, kitchen garden, paddock, natural beechwood. Seven acres of young apple trees (gave twelve tons last season). 20 acres. Reduced Price. (12,632.)

ADJOINING HUNDREDS OF ACRES OF WOODED COMMONLAND

SIX MILES FROM HENLEY.

HALF-AN-HOUR FROM PADDINGTON.



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OLD RED BRICK TUDOR MANOR OF GREAT CHARM

300 feet up. Golf half-a-mile.

FIVE RECEPTION ROOMS
MINSTRELS' GALLERY
TWELVE BEDROOMS
THREE BATHROOMS

Main Electricity and Water
Central Heating Throughout



GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS WITH STATELY CEDARS AND YEWS.

Tennis Lawns. Kitchen Garden. Orchard.

FIVE ACRES. FARM OF 160 ACRES AVAILABLE. GREAT SACRIFICE.

Would let furnished for any period, at low rent.

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COUNTRY HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER: very finely appointed and in wonderful order; eleven bedrooms, three bathrooms, lounge, three reception rooms; main services; garages, cottage.

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FOR SALE AT A LOW PRICE WITH
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A HOUSE OF GREAT CHARM AND CHARACTER, in an unspoilt district, with original beams and panelling, in perfect order, and ready for immediate occupation; eleven bedrooms, three bathrooms, lounge hall, three reception rooms; electric light, ample water supply, central heating; garages, stabling, cottages.

Delightful old-world gardens and grounds, portion of an old moat and fishponds, paddocks, orchards and woodland.

LOW PRICE WITH 70 ACRES.

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LOVELY XVTH CENTURY HOUSE, with wealth of old oak; exceptional order; main water, electric light, central heating; nine bedrooms, two baths, three reception rooms and music room (30ft. by 20ft.); garage, stabling.

Perfect old gardens, hard tennis court, pasture, etc.

34 ACRES.

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IN EXQUISITE GARDENS RENOWNED
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GLORIOUS VIEWS.

DELIGHTFUL VOYSEY RESIDENCE

Nine bed, two bath, three reception rooms.
All main services. Electric passenger lift.
Central heating.

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**GARDENS OF GREAT BEAUTY, WORLD
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Also PADDOCK AND WOODLAND; in all about

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FOR SALE by PRIVATE TREATY or AUCTION
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XIIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE.

Modernised and entirely up to date; approached by a drive.

HALL. THREE RECEPTION. THREE BATH. THIRTEEN BEDROOMS.
Stabling. Garage. Cottages.

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LOW RENT FOR TWO YEARS OR LONGER.

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TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE. NEAR FAMOUS SUSSEX GOLF COURSE WELL-FITTED HOUSE, FACING SOUTH AND RIGHT AWAY FROM TRAFFIC.



Hall, billiard and four reception rooms, eight principal bed and dressing rooms, excellent staff rooms, three bathrooms. Every modern convenience and comfort.
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BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GARDENS AND PASTURELAND, intersected by the River Medway; in all about

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PRICE, FREEHOLD, FOR THE WHOLE ONLY £9,750

Or Unfurnished rent for House, gardens and two cottages £350 per annum (pastureland by arrangement).

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JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

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TOTAL TURNOVERMORTGAGES EFFECTED **£3,738,269****25,830** ACRES OF ENGLISH LAND SOLD**£7,603,589**SCOTTISH LAND SOLD **37,036 ACRES**

A SELECTION OF TRANSACTIONS

SALES AND PURCHASES OF IMPORTANT LANDED ESTATES

WARNFORD PARK ESTATE (Portions) HAMPSHIRE. 3.185 ACRES. SOLD.	COOMBE COURT ESTATE WITLEY, SURREY. SOLD AND PART RE-SOLD 1,984 ACRES.	KINGSTON LISLE Near WANTAGE, BERKS. 1.898 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. BEEVOR & WEETMAN.	FINBOROUGH HALL SUFFOLK. 1,724 ACRES. SOLD.
LONGFORD HALL ESTATE SHROPSHIRE. 1.620 ACRES. PURCHASED. From Messrs. CONSTABLE & MAUDE.	OAKLEY HALL ESTATE (Portions) 1.200 ACRES. PURCHASED. From Messrs. FREDK. ELLEN & SON.	MOUNDSMERE MANOR BASINGSTOKE. 1.014 ACRES. SOLD.	EAST BARSHAM MANOR NORFOLK. 1,011 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. IRELAND'S.
LULLINGSTONE ESTATE (Portions), SWANLEY, KENT. 1,000 ACRES. SOLD.	LANGTON HALL ESTATE MARKET HARBOROUGH. 935 ACRES. SOLD. In conjunction with Mr. J. TOLLER EADY.	SHIELBRIDGE ESTATE ARGYLLSHIRE. 10,135 ACRES. SOLD.	GUISACHAN ESTATE INVERNESS-SHIRE. SOLD AND PART RE-SOLD. 15,852 ACRES.
HEATHFIELD ESTATE SUSSEX. 868 ACRES. PURCHASED AND SOLD. With Messrs. NEWELL & BURGESS and Mr. B. M. LOWE.	ROKE MANOR ROMSEY, HANTS. 634 ACRES. SOLD. Messrs. ELLIS & SONS acted for purchaser.	ABERDOUR ESTATE (Portions) ABERDEENSHIRE. 2,552 ACRES. SOLD.	CORWAR ESTATE AYRSHIRE. 3,800 ACRES. SOLD.
LYTHE HILL ESTATE (Portions), HASLEMERE, SURREY. 496 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. CUBITT & WEST.	NORTH FORELAND ESTATE KENT. 264 ACRES. SOLD. In conjunction with Messrs. S. WALKER and SON.	THE WARREN ESTATE CROMER. 37 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. S. MEALING MILLS & CO.	MUIRSHIEL ESTATE RENFREWSHIRE. 3,300 ACRES. SOLD.

SALES AND PURCHASES OF RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES

HOVETON HALL NORFOLK. 326 ACRES. SOLD. Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, in conjunction.	RYCOTE PARK OXFORD. 300 ACRES. SOLD.	MOOR PARK FARNHAM, SURREY. 250 ACRES. SOLD.	STANTON FITZWARREN WILTS. 204 ACRES. SOLD.
EASTWOOD PARK GLOUCESTERSHIRE. 200 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. DUNCAN B. GRAY & PARTNERS	GRENDON HALL AYLESBURY, BUCKS. 195 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. NEWELL & BURGESS.	FINNAMORE FARM MARLOW, BUCKS. 150 ACRES. SOLD. Messrs. MAWSON, GREENWOOD & Co., acted for Purchaser.	STOWELL PARK WILTS. 132 ACRES. SOLD.
BURROWS LEA GOMSHALL, SURREY. 119 ACRES. SOLD.	GHYLL MANOR RUSPER, SUSSEX. 100 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. WILSON & Co., and ALFRED SAVILL & SONS.	LECHLADE MANOR LECHLADE. 96 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. INNOCENT & SON.	FULMER RISE BUCKS. 90 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. HETHERINGTON & SECRET.
RED COURT HASLEMERE, SURREY. 83 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. H. B. BAVERSTOCK & SON.	ALLANGATE RUSTINGTON, SUSSEX. 77 ACRES. SOLD.	GREENHAM BARTON SOMERSET. 72 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. W. J. R. GREENSLADE & Co.	KILMORIE TORQUAY. 62 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. COX & SON.
STANNERS HILL MANOR CHOBHAM, SURREY. 46 ACRES. PURCHASED. From Messrs. GIDDY.	WARNINGLID GRANGE SUSSEX. 46 ACRES. PURCHASED. Messrs. G. TROLLOPE & SONS acted for Vendor.	PENN HOUSE ESTATE (Portions) BEACONSFIELD. 35 ACRES. SOLD. With Mr. JOHN WIDDOWSON.	EAST BURNHAM PARK BUCKS. 33 ACRES. SOLD. With Messrs. YATES & YATES.

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THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE FROM G.W. RLY. MAIN LINE STATION. SOUTH ASPECT. 300FT. UP DELIGHTFUL VIEWS.
HUNTING WITH THREE PACKS. GOLF LINKS SIX MILES DISTANT



TO BE SOLD

THIS EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

WITH COMFORTABLE HOUSE IN THE GEORGIAN STYLE, WITH RECENT ADDITIONS FROM DESIGNS BY THE LATE ERNEST NEWTON, R.A.

SIXTEEN BEDROOMS, TWO DRESSING ROOMS, THREE BATHROOMS, FINE SUITE OF RECEPTION
ROOMS, BILLIARDS ROOM, SERVANTS' HALL, COMPLETE DOMESTIC OFFICES.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MODERN DRAINAGE.

ELECTRIC LIGHT MAIN PASSES THE GATE.

Stabling. Garage three cars. Small farmery. Two cottages. Old mill house. Vinery. Peach house. Greenhouse.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS

ARE PARTICULARLY CHARMING AND WERE LAID OUT UNDER THE ADVICE OF A WELL-KNOWN LANDSCAPE GARDENER.
THEY INCLUDE WIDE TERRACES, SPREADING LAWNS, A SHEET OF ORNAMENTAL WATER, FORMAL ROSE GARDEN WITH
FOUNTAIN, SHADY WALKS, WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD AND VALUABLE ENCLOSURES OF PARK-LIKE
MEADOW AND GRASSLANDS;

The whole extending to an area of about

61 ACRES

Price and all particulars of Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

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CONVENIENTLY SITUATED IN THE MIDST OF DELIGHTFUL SCENERY. STANDING 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.
FIVE MILES FROM DERBY STATION.

TO BE SOLD.

THIS VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

with charming Tudor-style RESIDENCE.

Fifteen bed and dressing rooms, four
bathrooms, oak-panelled hall, fine suite
of reception rooms, complete domestic
offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

COMPANY'S WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

VERY FINE PANELLING.

STABLING.

GARAGES.



FOUR COTTAGES. BOTHY.

TWO FARMS WITH HOUSE AND
OUTBUILDINGS.

RANGE OF GLASSHOUSES.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS

with formal yew garden, two tennis lawns,
rose pergola and rock garden, walled
kitchen garden, good pastureland. The
whole extends to an area of about

325 ACRES

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mended by Fox & Sons, Land Agents,
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ABOUT TEN MILES FROM GUILDFORD; OCCUPYING A MAGNIFICENT POSITION WITH EXQUISITE VIEWS.

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THIS BEAUTIFUL AND WELL- APPOINTED

FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

in first-class order throughout.

FOURTEEN PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,
SERVANTS' ROOMS,
SIX BATHROOMS,
EXCELLENT SUITE OF RECEPTION
ROOMS,
BILLIARD ROOM,
EXCELLENT DOMESTIC OFFICES.



OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

GARAGE. STABLING.

TWO LODGES.

HOME FARM and SIX COTTAGES.

GROUPS OF EXCEPTIONAL
BEAUTY.

The whole extends to an area of about

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with nearly 10,000ft. of valuable main
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With gas, water and electric light available.

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IN A SHELTERED AND SUNNY POSITION, YET WITHIN 1½ MILES OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS CENTRAL STATION. LONDON 45 MINUTES.

c.2.



SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT AND COMFORTABLY FITTED RESIDENCE

4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room.

Garage (3). Stabling (2). Chauffeur's quarters, Gardener's cottage.

All Co.'s services. Central heating. Constant hot water.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

orchard and paddock, in all ABOUT 5 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

or to Let Furnished either for winter or summer letting.



Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

AMAZING BARGAIN, £2,500 FREEHOLD

FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY; EASY REACH OF REIGATE AND WALTON HEATH.

c.4.



FASCINATING

XVTH CENTURY FARMHOUSE

MODERNISED AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE REGARDLESS OF COST.

Large lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices.

Quantity of exposed oak beams and other interesting features. Good garage, useful outbuildings.

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WELL-MATURED AND CHARMING GARDEN.

with well-established trees, croquet lawn, flower beds, kitchen garden, in all

ONE ACRE



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KENT. ONE HOUR OF TOWN

EXCELLENT PRESERVATION.

GOOD VIEWS..

c.9.

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HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE

(1380)

WITH TUDOR WING.

Wealth of old oak and quaint features in an ideal situation in beautiful old-world village and 4 miles from a market town.

GREAT HALL. 4 RECEPTION.

12 BED. 2 BATH.



CENTRAL HEATING.
ELECTRICITY.
CONSTANT HOT WATER.
CO.'S WATER.

Garage (2 cars). 2 cottages.

PICTURESQUE GROUNDS.
LAWNS, YEW HEDGES, HARD AND GRASS TENNIS COURTS, ORCHARD, SPINNEY, ETC.; in all about

FIVE ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

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UNSPOILT PART OF HERTS

UNIQUE POSITION, ABSOLUTELY QUIET AND SECLUDED, YET NOT ISOLATED. TWO MILES FROM THE MARKET TOWN OF HERTFORD.

c.6.



A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOUSE IN A LOVELY GARDEN

3 good reception. 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Boxroom.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. CO.'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

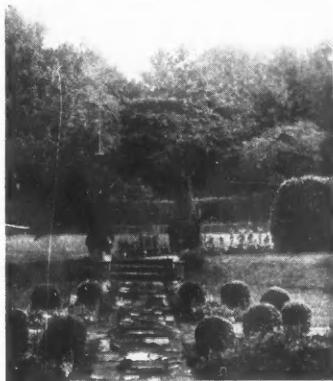
Cottage. Garage.

GARDENS OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY, requiring very little up-keep.

2½ ACRES IN ALL.

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converted and restored regardless of expense, and having a wealth of oak beams and other features.
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Four reception rooms, twelve principal bedrooms, seven bathrooms, excellent domestic offices. Cottages available.

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GARAGE FOR SIX CARS.

STABLING.

GARDENS OF GREAT CHARM AND TIMBERED PARKLANDS,

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EXCELLENT SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES OR MORE, IF REQUIRED.

HUNTING with the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty. Trout fishing in the Nidd.

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CHARMING HOUSE, PART DATING FROM THE XVTH CENTURY, WITH LOVELY VIEWS OF MEADOWS AND RIVER.



Fine old malthouse.

Beautiful gardens.

Entrance hall with oak staircase, two reception rooms, eight bedrooms. Garage for three large cars, stabling.

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QUEEN ANNE FARMHOUSE

20 MILES LONDON
AND A NICE LITTLE ESTATE OF
318 ACRES



WITH POSSIBILITIES FOR MAKING A GOOD SHOOT.

Three sitting rooms. Seven bedrooms. Bathroom.

FARMBUILDINGS.

TWO

BUNGALOWS.

MODERATE PRICE.

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About one-and-a-half hours from Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham.

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DELIGHTFUL SMALL SPORTING PROPERTY WITH 250 ACRES OF SHOOTING AND HALF-A-MILE FISHING.

Stone-built HOUSE in small park, beautifully situated, facing south with enchanting views. Three reception rooms, study, nine eleven bedrooms, four bathrooms. Electric light. Stabling for eight. Cottages.



(THE PROPERTY MIGHT BE SOLD).

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XVTH CENTURY COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

TO LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED



Four reception. Seven bedrooms. Two bathrooms. With or without 68½ ACRES.

Or would be Sold with 4½ ACRES. £3,750.

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Main electricity and water.

RENT, WITHOUT LAND, £120 P.A.

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CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

HALL, FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS, ELEVEN BEDROOMS, TWO BATHROOMS, MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Garage and stabling. Two cottages.

NINE ACRES.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously Sold Privately) IN THE NEW YEAR.

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ESSEX—350ft. ABOVE SEA LEVEL

4 MILES THAXTED. 47 MILES LONDON. COMFORTABLE MODERNISED HOUSE WITH 111 ACRES, MOSTLY ARABLE, AND FIVE COTTAGES (now Let).



Three reception rooms (one large), seven bedrooms, two bathrooms; electric light; loose boxes, garages and other outbuildings in first-class repair.

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ONE HOUR LONDON.

STONE-BUILT, GABLED HOUSE in beautifully timbered grounds.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARDS ROOM, TEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, FIVE STAFF ROOMS, THREE BATHROOMS.

MAIN GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

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LODGE AND TWO COTTAGES.

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BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 500 ACRES (approx.)

IN A FIRST-RATE HUNTING CENTRE. ONE HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

SUPERBLY APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE

(brick built).

A PERFECT REPLICA OF A WILLIAM AND MARY HOUSE of considerable architectural merit; 20 bed and dressing rooms, seven bathrooms, four reception rooms.

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CENTRAL HEATING.

WELL-TIMBERED PARK.

HOME FARM.

MODEL HUNTING STABLES.

Two lodges.

Numerous cottages.

Garage.

TWO OTHER FARMS (chiefly grass-land).

UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

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Rural situation, amidst the beautiful Chiltern Hills and only 35 minutes' train service to London. Excellent golf.

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APPROACHED BY A LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE. LODGE ENTRANCE.

LOUNGE HALL,
NINE BEDROOMS.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,
THREE BATHROOMS.

450ft. up. South aspect.

COMPANY'S WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TELEPHONE. GRAVEL SOIL.

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WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN.

FINE SPECIMEN TREES.

Paddock.

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SIX MILES FROM STATION WITH FREQUENT TRAIN SERVICE TO WATERLOO IN 55 MINUTES

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PRICE £6,500

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COMFORTABLE GEORGIAN HOUSE

FIVE MILES FROM THE TOWN AND WITH GOOD VIEWS.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,

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THREE BATHROOMS.

Electric Light.

Good Water Supply.

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GARAGE FOR THREE CARS.

LODGE.

TWO COTTAGES (Let and producing £52 per annum).

Easily managed gardens, including tennis lawns, small stream and lake of about Two Acres. Several paddocks intersected by the River North.

TOTAL AREA ABOUT 52 ACRES.

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A SPECIAL BUYER OF DISCERNING TASTE

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY PLACE OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD

(or good Replica), in HANTS, DORSET, or WILTS.

having eight to ten bedrooms and 5 to 30 ACRES.

OPEN POSITION AND NOT ON MAIN ROAD.

PRICE £5,000 to £7,000, according to area.

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FOR A TITLED GENTLEMAN A SMALL CHARACTER HOUSE

(Tudor or Georgian preferred)

Rural situation and absolute seclusion essential, within one hour by road west or north-west of London.

About eight bedrooms, etc., and from 10 to 25 ACRES.

Stream or Swimming Pool an advantage.
GOOD PRICE OFFERED FOR CHOICE SPECIMEN

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FOR A WEALTHY BUSINESS MAN

Within convenient daily reach,
A FREEHOLD RESIDENCE OF SOME IMPORTANCE

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Elevated and immune from immediate encroachment.

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HANTS-SUSSEX BORDERS

WITH VIEWS OVER MILES OF OPEN COUNTRY.
MODERN RESIDENCE
IN UNRIVALLED POSITION ENTIRELY FREE FROM DEVELOPMENT.



Four reception rooms, twelve bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms.

Main electric light and water.

Cottage. Garages. Stabling. Farmery.

Delightful and well-timbered grounds with tennis court, walled kitchen garden and paddocks; in all

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OWNER VERY KEEN TO SELL

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ABOUT 40 MINUTES' RAIL FROM LONDON, DEFINITELY UNSPOILT SURROUNDINGS.

THIS GENUINE TUDOR EXAMPLE, carefully restored and in perfect order containing quantity of

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Hall, three reception, eight bed and dressing, four bathrooms, etc. Central heating, electric light, main water; garage and rooms over, small farmery.

Lovely old gardens, orchard and park-like pasture; in all over

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FREEHOLD

REDUCED BARGAIN PRICE.

(Or with less land if desired.)
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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY AT £2,750
AN ESTATE IN MINIATURE. EASY REACH OF WEST SUSSEX GOLF COURSE.

Overlooking
well-timbered parklands in
beautiful country between

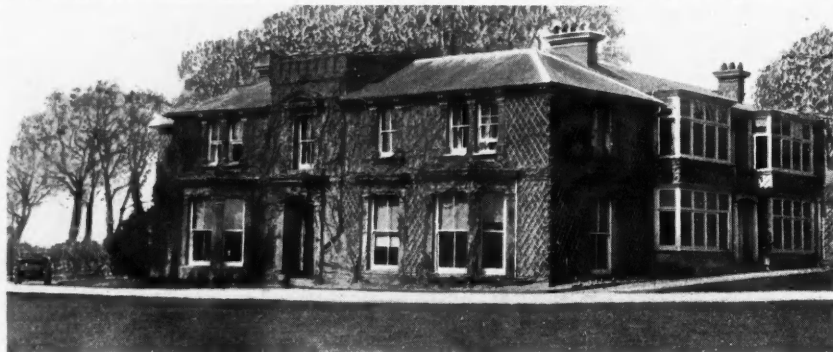
Dorking and Arundel.

Approached by drive and
facing south.

Extremely well-appointed
and comfortable

COUNTRY HOUSE.

Hall and cloakroom.
Four reception.
Billiards room.
Nine bed and dressing.
Three bathrooms.
Servants' hall, offices, etc.



Main water and drainage.

Own lighting plant (main
electric light available).

GARAGE, STABLING,
Groom's room, etc.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS,

ornamental pond and
valuable meadowland.

PRICE £2,750 FREEHOLD WITH SIX ACRES

(ADDITIONAL LAND UP TO TWELVE ACRES AVAILABLE).

Particulars of the Agents, F. L. MERCER & Co., 7, Sackville Street, W.1.

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CLOSE TO LYMINGTON & THE SOLENT

A BEAUTIFUL HOME OF DIGNIFIED CHARACTER
FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH 30 ACRES.
OR INCLUDING THE HOME FARM, ABOUT 210 ACRES.



Luxuriously
appointed
RESIDENCE
with fine suite of four
reception, eleven bed-
rooms and three bath-
rooms. Main elec-
tricity, gas and water.
Central heating
throughout.
Accommodation all
on two levels.
Running water in
bedrooms.
Garage, stabling, two
excellent cottages.
Hard and grass tennis
courts.

LOVELY OLD WALLED-IN GARDENS with a magnificent collection of trees.
Protected by a small park of great natural beauty. The whole in exceptionally good
condition, having been kept up regardless of expense.

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450 FEET UP IN SURREY

DELIGHTFUL SYLVAN SETTING AMIDST THE HILLS AND DALES
OF THE NORTH DOWNS. 18 MILES LONDON.

A well-built and com-
fortably appointed
small
HOUSE

in a typical country
garden. Three recep-
tion, four bedrooms
and two bathrooms.
Staff cottage with
four rooms, kitchen
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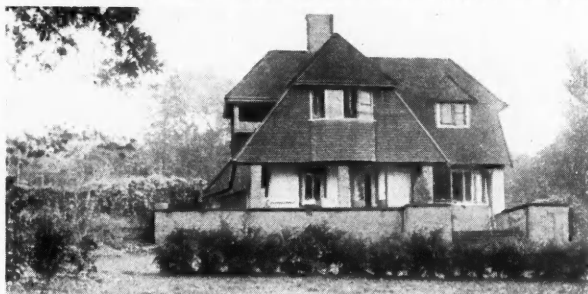


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CRUFT'S KENNEL NOTES

FEW handsomer dogs are to be seen on the show bench or anywhere else than English setters, which are among our oldest and most useful breeds. Until the last few years they have not been as prominent at shows as their beauty, history and disposition deserved, but latterly they have made distinct progress. The entry at Cruft's is always one of the best, and last February the classes were the centre of interest, and a compliment to that veteran judge, Mr. Isaac Sharpe, whose "Stylish" dogs always make such heavy inroads upon the prize lists at field trials. They seem to be liked particularly in Scotland, and we are glad to hear that Miss Ethel Kirkland, 9, Douglas Terrace, Broughty Ferry, Angus, is determined to get together a worthy kennel. She has recently joined Cruft's Dog Show Society, and no doubt will be exhibiting at his golden jubilee show next February, where the judge will be Mr. J. A. Carbery, the Irish expert. An excellent classification has been arranged, including a class guaranteed by the Setter and Pointer Club, confined to their members.

Miss Kirkland has been devoted to dogs practically all her life, having been given an English terrier when she was five years old. On his death she bought a puppy at Perth dog show that purported to be a pug but was not, but he was all the world to her in spite of his doubtful origin. She has had Scottish terriers, Pekingese, Samoyeds, and Sealyhams, but above all breeds she adores English setters. She used to admire the late Mr. Turton Price's dogs at shows, and now she has Dan of Crombie as one of her five setters. As one imagines he would be from his breeding, he is an excellent stud dog, as is also Jim of Langlee, whose photograph adorns this page to-day. Jim, a son of Rex of Crombie and Jett of Crombie, has only been shown on a few occasions, viz., at Cruft's, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Blairgowrie, Hamilton, and Harrogate, at the last of which he won the challenge certificate and the Bayldone trophy. Altogether he has received seventeen first prizes and five cups, and has several times been best in show. Miss Kirkland's three bitches are Tess of Crombie, Pretty Jane of Crombie, and Betty of Wedale, which is also of Crombie parentage. If blood counts for anything, she should do uncommonly well in the future, for Mr. Turton Price's kennels were right at the top. His untimely death was a sad blow to the breed and a loss to his many friends. He was President of



A HANDSOME ENGLISH SETTER
Miss Ethel Kirkland's Jim of Langlee

Cruft's show, an office in which he has been succeeded by Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P., who is an old doggy man.

English setters are mixed up inextricably with British sporting life, being the descendants of the old setting spaniels or crouchers, as opposed to the springers. Not so long ago in some parts of the north country they were known as spaniels, and may be so still for all we know. They are as kindly in nature as they are beautiful in appearance, and it is surprising that they are not universal favourites. Sir Walter Scott had a great affection for them, an affection that was betrayed in one of his novels, in which we have a discussion between the votaries of pointers and setters. Scott made the advocate of setters come off best on the plea that, while being just as good at their work, they were more lovable as companions. He saw no reason why a working dog should not be prized for his friendly qualities as well as his use in the field.

Cruft's shows, coming as they do at an opportune season for gun dogs, invariably excel in this department, and we never see such a wonderful display elsewhere. Next February there should be keen rivalry between Labradors and cockers for the honour of heading the entries. The Labrador Retriever Club is to celebrate its twentieth birthday by holding its club show there with Lorna, Countess Howe as judge. This popular lady, who has been hon. secretary of the club since its inception, is sure to receive unexampled support. May we remind readers that schedules of Cruft's will be issued on January 10th.

Members of the Society should study it carefully, as many cups and bowls will be open for competition among them under varying conditions.

It is well worth while for all exhibitors to join Cruft's Dog Show Society before next February. During the last twelve months it has offered nearly 1,500 special prizes to members at various shows in different parts of the country. A dozen Cruft's Golden Jubilee Cups will be put up for competition in February, and there will also be the handsome trophy offered by the proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE. This, it will be remembered, is given for the best exhibit in all the sporting breeds. Last year it went to the pointer bitch that was made the best in the show. This, by the way, is a popular fixture for beginners, many of whom have exhibited there with success what they had previously regarded merely as a companion.

SOLUTION to No. 307

The clues for this appeared in Dec. 14th issue

P	A	T	T	E	R	N		S	T	U	D	E	N	T	
A		A	O	S	E	E								A	
T	T	A	M	O	S	H	A	N	T	E	R			I	
R	E	E	L	T		A	E		P	A	L	L			
O	I	M	P	R	E	G	R	E	T	S		S	O		
L	I	M	P	E	D		E	S		S	U	P	P	E	
S	I	V	A		A	B	B		B	S					
I	N	V	E	N	T		F	A	L	T	E	R			
T	A	R	E	T		I	R	E							
A	T	T	E	S		S	M	A	R	T	S				
L	I	E	R	E	M	I	T	E							
E	B	O	R		I	E	C	E	D	E					
N		N	O	S	T	R	A	D	A	M	U	S			
T		O	E	R		M		R		M					
S	E	C	T	O	R	S		A	S	P	E	C	T	S	

ACROSS.

- Knocked off the parent stock
- Leave with a young lady inside
- A colloquial hand-to-hand encounter
- "Bill's Chain" (anagr.)
- An unwelcome item on the school bill
- Pistol's world
- The timid horseman's objective
- Defeat
- A solicitor does this to counsel
- and they both welcome these
- A Mediterranean island
- An ejaculation
- A Continental urban duty
- A disease due to fungus
- Subject to fits and starts with an explosion
- This stormer is an actor of sorts
- The modern eating-house
- Change a letter of 7 and you may find it hereby.

DOWN.

- A flying beauty on summer days
- You can hardly do this crossword and be this
- Like the leopard, he is conservative about his dress
- Outnumbered in England
- To rescue from fire or water
- A rainbow
- Wherein the inhabitants are said to agree
- Suggests a bobtail
- A drink but not a large one
- "Pages' coats" (anagr.)
- They stand and wait and also serve
- If you lie under this you will probably get into trouble
- Notorious for their deceitfulness
- Fitting
- An oil-producing seed
- May be human or equine
- Two lazy M.P.'s, perhaps
- A damp spot and what may grow on it.

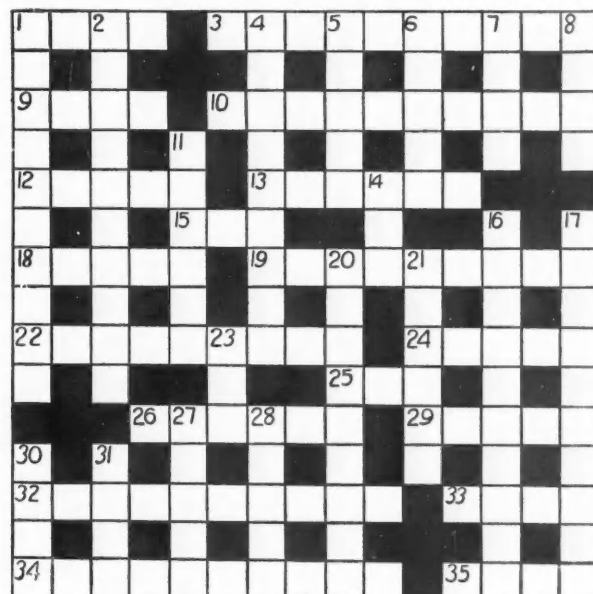
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 308

A prize of books of the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 308, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 24th, 1935.**

Readers in Scotland are precluded under the Scottish Acts from participation in this competition.

The winner of last week's crossword will be announced in our issue of December 28th, and the winner of this week's in our issue of January 4th.

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THE HON. MOYA BERESFORD

Miss Beresford, who is the younger daughter of Lord Decies and the late Lady Decies, is to marry the Hon. Patrick Bellew, youngest son of the late Hon. Richard Bellew and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bellew.

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ARCHITECTURE AND THE LAYMAN

SO much is written about architecture to-day and so many passions and prejudices are released in the process, that it becomes increasingly difficult to rid the mind of catchwords and phrases, to stand back and review what we have achieved, or failed to achieve, with an impartial judgment. The year now nearly ended has seen no ebbing of the tide of new building: rather, with the progress of slum clearance and the continued improvement in trade, it is assuming the dimensions of a tidal wave. How does the intelligent layman view all the changes he sees going on around him? He does not bother to consider whether a building is "functional," nor is he concerned with the question whether or not "the new architecture" means the death of traditional forms of building. He is able to look at architecture as all of us, a few experts excepted, can look at the exhibition of Chinese art at Burlington House. How refreshing it is to be able to go round those galleries and give oneself up to sheer enjoyment, without having to worry about styles, periods, influences and so forth. Unfortunately, no one, with the best will in the world, is going to get undiluted pleasure out of contemporary English architecture; but, at least, we can look at it in the way that we have perforce to look at a Chinese bronze or a Chinese painting—that is to say, by clearing our minds of cant, in Doctor Johnson's famous phrase, and using an unbiassed sensibility so as to be able to recognise a good thing when we see it.

A year ago the Royal Institute of British Architects staged the first comprehensive exhibition of modern international architecture, which has since been touring the provinces. The public interest it has aroused can be gauged by the fact that it has been seen by nearly 80,000 people. Its success has undoubtedly been due to the common-sense principles adopted in the choice of exhibits and their

presentation. Here the ordinary layman has been able to look at the kind of architecture that really interests him and to compare what is being done on the Continent with what we are doing over here. The avowed object of the exhibition is the education of public taste—and that the taste of the public needs educating no one will deny. But of even greater value will be the lesson that architects may learn from it themselves, and that is that the public has a genuine interest in such questions as housing, town planning, the design of flats, the provision of recreational and educational centres, the protection of the countryside, and a dozen other similar problems of modern living. The man in the street is not concerned with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street or the grandiloquent palaces in which she and her sisters are housing themselves. Architecture has so long been associated in the public mind with churches, banks, town halls, expensive houses and expensive offices, that it is only lately that the ordinary man has come to realise that the word has a wider meaning and that it covers things that actually have a concern for him. Fortunately, the R.I.B.A. has at last discovered the right way of interesting the public, and it is encouraging to learn that it is now preparing a permanent scheme for a continuous survey of the best contemporary work.

If one looks at the architecture of the past year over the layman's shoulder, the outstanding achievements are to be found in two classes of building that a generation ago would hardly have been regarded as architecture at all. First and foremost come the housing schemes. For good examples of modern housing we need no longer look humbly to Holland, Germany or Austria. Almost every large town can now show one intelligently planned and well designed estate, and many can show several. Architects may still divide their allegiance between a traditional eighteenth century style with hipped roofs and sashed windows and an uncompromising modernism; but confronted with two such admirable and contrasting pieces of work as Mr. L. H. Keay's St. Andrew's Garden Scheme at Liverpool, with its marked horizontality and gigantic horseshoe, and the Georgian domesticity of the L.C.C.'s East Hill estate at Wandsworth, any reasonable person is bound to admit the merits of both. After housing, perhaps the most remarkable field of activity has been in the coastal resorts, where the municipal authorities are at least realising that there are other things besides sea and sunshine that attract visitors. Mr. Oliver Hill's still uncompleted development of Frinton, illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE earlier this year, and Mr. Wells Coates's colossal block of flats at Brighton are among the most interesting examples of this year's architecture, and to them must now be added the new Bexhill pavilion, designed by Herr Mendelsohn and Mr. Chermayeff, and recently opened by the Duke and Duchess of York. Th's last building, with its spacious, ordered lay-out, its clean lines and white wall surfaces, cannot fail to attract anyone whose mind is not cluttered with prejudice, and one may be sure that the thousands who visit Bexhill next summer will be enthusiastic in their appreciation.

Not so very long ago it was urged against the new architecture that it would never be accepted by the man in the street. But this much-maligned individual has shown that he can and does appreciate the merits of practical, straightforward building when he is given the chance of seeing them. Few modern buildings are as good as the new Bexhill pavilion; many are crude and ugly, as is inevitable in a period of transition; but already beauty may be found breaking in, often where one would least expect to find it. That the new materials—steel, glass, concrete—and the new categories of building in which they find their chief use—flats, entertainment centres, hospitals, swimming pools, to name only a few—are capable of producing a fine architecture cannot now be doubted, for it is by stooping to the practical side of their profession that architects are gaining their greatest conquests and at the same time capturing the interest of the public in a way that was impossible when architecture was the monopoly of the few.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

RELIEF FOR COUNTRY HOUSES

LORD BROCKET'S outline in the *Daily Telegraph* of a National Land Policy based on the traditional owner-tenant system deserves fully working out, the more so as it is intimately bound up with the future of England's most characteristic contribution to civilisation—country house life. On all accounts the Government would be wise to remit or reduce death duties on agricultural land which, although the State derives only £2,000,000 a year from them on the average, constitute a fatal drain on the industry's resources. It was clearly established in the correspondence published in these pages last year that, so far as the maintenance of country houses was concerned, remission of death duties on the buildings would help very little, the need being for relief of taxation on the owners' resources. Of the various proposals put forward to check the progressive dismemberment of country houses and the dispersal of their contents, the most practical would seem to be that for enabling tax-free trust funds to be formed, in respect of houses of approved importance, open regularly to the public, for so long as the unit is kept together. Sufficient capital for the maintenance in repair of the house and grounds and the retention of its contents would, under this proposal, be free of income tax. The scale of the allowance could be estimated on a basis of the wage costs of necessary staff, and on the number of rooms in the house. A virtue of the proposal is that it provides for the keeping together of an historic nucleus even if a seat changes hands and the estate has to be broken up.

THE THREAT TO BLACKDOWN

TENNYSON'S LANE, to preserve which from development at two houses to the acre the newly formed Haslemere and District Preservation Society is appealing for £6,000, is the key to Blackdown. Already, since the death of Sir Richard Garton, building has begun at the Haslemere end of the lane, which is an unspoilt tree-shaded track through the woods clothing the ridge and, unless it is checked, will certainly lead to the vulgarising of Blackdown itself, if only by spoiling the approach. Blackdown, at the north-west corner of Sussex, has hitherto remained an entirely wild moorland plateau reaching a height of 1,000ft. at its southern tip, from which one of the most impressive views in the whole of the south of England is gained. When the edge is reached, suddenly the whole of Sussex is revealed below. Leith Hill and the line of the North Downs bound this vast prospect on one side, the South Downs from Goodwood, past Chantonsbury, to Mount Harry on the other, while between them the Weald stretches level and wooded to the distant greyness of Ashdown Forest. The very fact that the moor is so little known tends to restrict efforts to preserve it to local residents, and already one generous donor has promised that, if ten subscriptions of £100 each are forthcoming, he will double the amount. The lane

owes its name to Tennyson having lived for twenty-three years at Aldworth House, on the edge of the moor. Aldworth is now the English residence of H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda, whom it is hoped to interest in the scheme. But support is urgently needed nearer at hand, and subscriptions should be addressed to Barclay's, Lloyds, Midland, or Westminster Banks, Haslemere.

THE LADIES' PLATE

WE publish this week an interesting letter from a correspondent from Eton and Oxford—which used, at any rate, to be regarded as homes of rowing—on the subject of the Ladies' Plate at Henley. A few days ago the Committee of Management to the Stewards of the Regatta published something in the nature of an interim report on the same subject, which clearly bristles with difficulties. It is not desirable to subject schoolboy crews to too great a strain: it is by no means an ideal plan either to prevent some of them from entering or to make them row in "eliminating" races. Again, there are many objections to the "seeding" of the draw so as to have school crews in one half and colleges in the other. "Seeding" is always invidious, and in this case it would involve the college crews rowing far more heats than their schoolboy rivals. Undoubtedly the boys have a poorer chance to-day than they used in the days when Eton made almost a habit of winning; but the perfect method of restoring that chance does not yet seem to have been evolved. That men are likely to beat boys is an obdurate fact which takes a great deal of getting over.

CAROL FOR 1935

While still the moon dreams in a tree
The world is moved to minstrelsy,
The stars are little silver bells
Ringing Christmas miracles,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!
The fearful and the lonely thrill
Of those who ran across the hill
Is notched upon the heaven still,
And Wise Ones still in joy are lost
As trees beneath a splendid frost.
O heart, no longer sleeping lie!
In childhood we knew whence and why,
And Innocence saw crystal-clear
This lovely closing of the year.

MARION PEACOCK.

FARMING POLICY

MR. A. G. STREET, of *Farmer's Glory* fame, can always be trusted to be stimulating and controversial, and his address to the Farmers' Club last week proved no exception to the rule. At the same time it is not necessary to agree with him in order to enjoy him, and there will no doubt be a good deal of disagreement with much that he said. It certainly appeared as if Mr. Street might never have heard of marketing schemes or import quotas, and he still appears to be obsessed with the idea that farming to-day is being developed on a policy of wheat-growing. Even a quota for all grain would not, he urged, bring prosperity to farming unless livestock were put into a prosperous condition. He would rather be done with doles and subsidies, but if we are to have a tariff policy let us have tariffs only on our main selling lines—livestock—and not on our raw material—wheat, oats and barley. He suggested, in fact, that our farming policy has been a consistent failure since the War because our rulers have consistently refused to consider three things: that livestock comprises nearly three-quarters of our farming industry; that a prosperous livestock industry requires the cheapest possible animal feeding stuffs; and that the majority of farmers, including small holders, are buyers of grain far more than they are sellers, and therefore want to obtain it as cheaply as possible.

SQUASH AND ITS CHAMPIONS

WE have several times had reason during the last few years to comment on the popularity of squash rackets, and there are clear signs that this popularity is still on the increase. One is the visit of a team from the United States and an international match which, incidentally, England won in a very satisfactory manner. Another is the remarkable

fame of the Open and Amateur Champion, Amr Bey. A few years ago only a few people could have said off-hand who was Champion. To-day everyone has heard of Amr. This, it is true, is not due wholly to the progress of the game, but to the altogether outstanding skill of this ball-hitting genius from Egypt. It is questionable whether any champion at any game has so obviously excelled all his competitors, and this superiority is the more noteworthy in the case of an amateur. Having beaten his professional challenger, Dear, not easily but yet convincingly, Amr Bey had the Amateur Championship at his mercy. Several people could make him go reasonably hard, but with none of them has he been in the remotest danger of defeat. He is in one class; in the second are all the other players.

RING ROADS FOR LONDON

THE idea of ring roads round London to relieve the central streets of through traffic is not a new one. Both the Orbital Road and the North and South Circular Roads were planned with this object, but at present much of their potential usefulness is lost through delay in completing the circuits. The Roads Improvement Association has recently drawn up a memorandum not only urging the Ministry of Transport to complete those two roads but suggesting the construction of two others nearer the centre. The innermost ring would link up the main-line railway stations, and to reduce hold-ups to a minimum it is proposed that the main cross-roads should pass underneath it. The second ring would be intermediate between this inner ring and the North and South Circular Roads, and would have its own bridges across the river. As the memorandum points out, "drivers prefer the pathway of least loss of time to the pathway of shortest direct distance"; the popularity of any important by-pass is proof of that. Unfortunately, the most urgently needed of the four roads—a ring connecting the terminal stations—is the one that would cost the most, and therefore the least likely to be carried out. But it is obvious that some such system of concentric rings is a necessity in any coherent plan for unravelling London's traffic tangle.

A CITY CHURCH THREATENED

THE threat of destruction overhanging All Hallows, Lombard Street, one of the most interesting of the City churches, seems almost to have escaped notice, but we hope that it is not yet too late for sentence to be revoked. Surrounded on all sides by offices, so that only its steeple is visible from the street, All Hallows is one of the least known of Wren's churches; but its interior, as anyone who has visited it will remember, is among the least altered and most beautifully furnished of all. The cost, as recorded in the official building accounts, was a little over £8,000, which may be compared with the £11,400 for so important a church as St. Bride's and £5,200 for its neighbour, St. Edmund the King. This figure does not include the sumptuous woodwork, which, as was almost invariably the case, was paid for by the vestry. The Wren Society's Vol. X has shown that the fittings were the work of William Grey and John Mitchell (joiners) and Saunders (carver). All Hallows preserves its carved altarpiece, its magnificent canopied pulpit, its carved pews, its western screen, its charming font and cover, and its original organ by Renatus Harris. It is a typical Wren interior and one of the few that have escaped serious maltreatment. Nine years ago public opinion was strong enough to defeat the Bishops' measure; but it would appear that the idea of wholesale destruction is now giving place to the insidious policy of gradual removal of those churches which are still considered to be "superfluous."

GO-AHEAD RAILWAYS

THIS is the season when people reap the reward of putting by money week by week during the year towards a goose or other modest self-indulgence. The railway companies are extending this principle by a "save to travel" campaign. It is now possible to buy a shilling stamp at the station and stick it on a contribution card. Shilling will be added to shilling "like the nails in the horse's shoe, Sammy," till they mount up to a ten-shilling voucher and so on till some long-desired journey becomes possible,

with the added and soothing sensation that we have not really had to pay for it at all. At the same time the railways are suggesting another plan having a Christmas flavour, namely, that the host should send his Christmas guest a railway ticket in his letter of invitation. Here is a refined and agreeable manner of giving a "tip" which it might otherwise be difficult either to give or receive. It is almost impossible for host to say crudely to guest: "How much did you pay for your ticket? I will pay you back"; but a ticket sent beforehand ought not to offend the most delicate sensibilities.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AT CHARING CROSS

AT Charing Cross Underground Station COUNTRY LIFE has organised a supplementary exhibition of nature photography, at the invitation of the London Passenger Transport Board, composed of samples of the main exhibition at the Natural History Museum. The latter has been extended till January 18th in order to enable schoolboys and girls to see it. The Charing Cross exhibition, where the space available has enabled the subjects to be displayed in an exceedingly striking manner, contains seventy of the most impressive photographs. Many parents may take the opportunity it offers of a respite in Christmas shopping to sample the entertainment provided in full at South Kensington and to "try it out" on their charges. No more delightful way of spending a winter's afternoon can be devised for an intelligent boy or girl than letting them browse round the South Kensington exhibition, of which the *Times* has said "every man and woman and child should see it."

THE WIND IN THE SYCAMORE

Be still, wind in the sycamore tree,
Sigh no more; be still.
The little fox cries in the valley,
The curlew on the hill;
Mice whimper in the wainscots like
The tinkling of a glass;
We walk on tears of silver
Through the long fur-frosted grass.

Be still, wind, lie still, wind,
For more I will not hear.
There's all too much of sighing
At this time of the year.

Be still, wind in the sycamore tree,
Cry no more; be still;
For yours is a sadder echoing
Than horn or whip-poor-will.
The leaves have left their dancing-floor
To weep under the mould,
But why should we sit mourning
For the scarlet and the gold?

Be still, wind, lie still, wind,
For more I will not hear.
There's all too much of crying
At this time of the year.

OLIVE DEHN.

"A GREAT SEA CAPTAIN"

"DRAKE, he was a Devon man, and sailed the Devon seas." Lord Jellicoe's ambit can have been no wider, for the Devon seas are the seas of all the world; but the judgment of the Prime Minister was not at fault when he linked the name of Jellicoe with those of the great Elizabethans. The time has not yet come when the place he will ultimately occupy in the regard of historians and of his countrymen can be estimated, but this generation at least knows what services he performed during a time when all that England stands for was in dire peril and jeopardy. The leaders of the Opposition have paid their tribute to that "lonely figure" who held a supreme responsibility and to whose organising powers the preparedness of the Fleet was so largely due. Best of all, perhaps, was the tribute quoted by Mr. Baldwin from the letter of a midshipman at Scapa Flow. "None of us has ever spoken to him, but we all feel as though we were serving on the Flagship. Jellicoe is the Grand Fleet." The resolution of Parliament that a suitable monument shall be erected to his memory will be approved by every one without distinction of class or station, or, indeed, of nationality.

COUNTRY LIFE in CHINESE PAINTING AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

"**W**HEREIN lies the reason that good men so love landscape? It is because amid orchards and hills a man has ever room to cultivate his natural bent: because streams and rocks never fail to charm the rambler, who goes whistling on his way. It is because fishing and wood-gathering are the natural vocations of the hermit or recluse, hard by where the flying birds and chattering apes have made their home. Noise and dust, bridles and chain—these are what man's nature is ever weary of. Haze and mists, saints and fairies—for these man's nature pines eternally, and pines in vain. Now comes a painter, and by his skill all these things are suddenly brought to us. Still in our home, stretched on the divan, we hear the cries of gibbons by many streams, the song of birds down many valleys; while our eyes are flooded by the gleam of hills, the hues of falling streams."

Thus wrote Kuo Hsi, a Chinese landscape painter, who lived in the eleventh century. Even before that date the love of the countryside had been the principal inspiration of Chinese painters, but it was especially during the Sung dynasty that the poetic school of landscape painting flourished. And the love of nature embraced not only the scene as a whole, but everything in it, each plant,



1.—"A DRUNKEN ORGY," (Sung)

Lent by A. Stoclet, Brussels



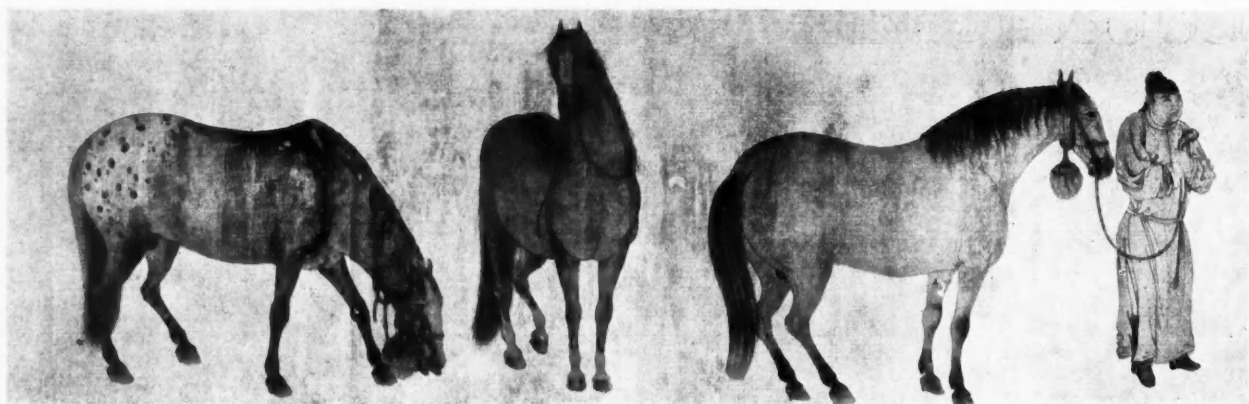
2.—"GAZING AT THE MOON," by MA YUAN
(Active 1190-1224). Lent by the Chinese Government

each bird, each insect became the subject of loving observation, to be reproduced on silk in its essential character, not merely copied in the aspect it happened to present at a given moment. Perhaps the most striking difference between a Chinese painter's method and that of a modern European is that the former spends days in contemplation before his subject and then paints from memory, while the latter works with the object immediately before him, and is therefore distracted by every changing effect of light or movement. Another result of the different method is that the Chinese painter, having memorised his forms, can devote more attention to composition and execution. The art of his brushwork alone is a joy to behold, quite apart from the subjects he makes it express.

The predominance of landscape, and studies of birds and animals, in Chinese art ought to make a special appeal to English taste. Almost every aspect of country life will be found in one form or another in the Chinese Exhibition. Apart from certain religious pictures one of the finest and earliest paintings is entitled "A Drunken Orgy" (Fig. 1)—not exactly a landscape *motif*, but illustrating a habit common to most ages and countries, and, so to speak, seasonable at the present moment. The vivid local colours and wild movements of the figures recall the style of Persian illumination and suggest that the source of the Persian style may be sought in China even more than has hitherto been believed. Another early painting of great beauty represents "A Herd of Deer in a Grove" (Fig. 4). The drawing of the animals in a variety of poses is masterly to a degree seldom equalled in European art. There was a moment when a similar outlook might have prevailed in the West. The picture of St. Eustace, by Pisanello, in the National Gallery, is an example; but the Renaissance, with its insistence on perspective, proportion, and space-composition, swept away such detailed observation of natural forms.

The richly coloured flower-picture entitled "New Year's Day," by Chao Chang (No. 754), treats flowers with as much feeling for their growth as for their texture. Indeed, one of the most remarkable studies of plant forms in the Exhibition is the monochrome ink painting of a cabbage (No. 1527); it would be difficult to find anything more prosaic in nature, or to treat it more superbly! Fruit and flowers of all sorts abound, but it is only possible here to single out one other example, the beautiful painting of "Autumn Melons" (Fig. 8, No. 2534). This, perhaps, is meant to appeal to the palate as well as to the eye, but as a rule the Chinese paint all things in their natural state, not plucked and served up for the delectation of man. What interested the artist in the cabbage was the movement of growth—it has not become a still-life as in so many a Dutch picture.

One of the most amazing pieces of buzzing and croaking, and basking sun, transferred to silk is the scroll painting entitled "Early Autumn" (Fig. 9). Insects sucking flowers and young frogs hopping on the leaves are the substance, but the whole atmosphere of a late summer's day has been evoked. Birds appear frequently, too, in flight and at rest; some, like the phoenix, more or less imaginary, are used symbolically, others are studied with astonishing accuracy from nature. The long scroll called "The Hundred Geese," by Ma Fen (Fig. 7), must be the result



3.—“HORSES AND GROOMS,” by JEN JEN-FA. (14th Century)
Lent by the Fagg Art Museum, U.S.A.



4.—DETAIL OF “HERD OF DEER IN A GROVE” (A.D. 907-960). Lent by the Chinese Government



5.—“FISHING ON A SNOWY DAY”
(A.D. 907-960)
Lent by the Chinese Government.

of months if not years of observation. Looked at from right to left, as scroll paintings are meant to be, it shows the geese flying in single file, then alighting on a river—some, half submerged, dimly seen through the water, others fighting on the bank over their food. The movements in each case are so accurate that they might be compared to the evidence of a slow-motion film, yet this was painted purely from observation by an artist living in the eleventh century.

The pastime of angling was a favourite one among the Chinese, probably because it left the mind free for meditation. The fisherman's return, or the angler in his boat, are frequently the subjects of pictures. But it is when the artist tries to express the actual weather conditions that his success is most phenomenal. “Fishing on a Snowy Day” (Fig. 5) is painted in colours that suggest a cold, bleak day, and the man's attitude blowing on his hands makes even the spectator shiver. But, again, the artist loves fish for their own sake and paints them as he sees them, swimming hither and thither in a pool, or darting amid reeds and rocks in a shallow river. The little album painting of “Three Fish” (No. 949) and the larger picture of “Fish and Water Reeds” (No. 1302) are admirable examples of the suggestion of movement through water, though its presence is not indicated by either colour or light.

During the Yuan dynasty, when China was ruled by the Mongols—who had little culture of their own, but were excellent horsemen—the subject most in demand of painters was pictures of horses. Chao Meng-fu and Jen Jen-fa, the two best horse painters of the time, are both represented in the Exhibition (see Nos. 116, 1119, 1320), and it is interesting to compare their fine linear rendering of the horse's mobile body with the much heavier manner of Giuseppe Castiglione, the Jesuit Father who, in the eighteenth century, went out to China and learnt to paint in the Chinese manner, but could not altogether forget the European outlook (see No. 2880).

Among the pure landscapes, the long scroll of the Yangtze River (No. 1127) shows how a painting can indeed be almost equivalent to a journey, carrying the spectator through all manner of scenery. The more contemplative mood is perfectly conveyed in Ma Yuan's paintings, such as “Gazing at the Moon” (Fig. 2); while the life of the hermit finds illustration in a little drawing attributed to Li Lung-mien, representing an old man leaning against a tree trunk and two deer bringing him offerings of flowers. The very titles of Chinese pictures often reflect the poetic inspiration of the painter. There is a fine landscape in the Architecture Room (No. 2518), representing the Four Joys—Fishing, Gathering



6.—“SAGE IN FOREST,” by LI LUNG-MIEN
(A.D. 1040-1106)
Lent by A. Stoclet, Brussels

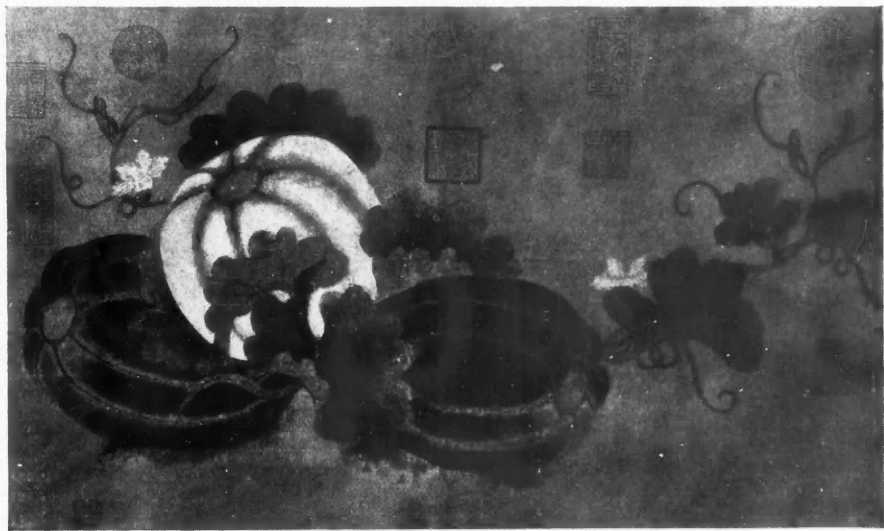


7.—GEESE IN FLIGHT, PART OF THE SCROLL "THE HUNDRED GEESE," by MA FEN (Late 11th Century). Lent by the Honolulu Academy

Fuel, Tilling the Soil, and Reading. But the Chinese love the country not only for its own joys; they bring their pet hobbies out into the open, the better to enjoy them. A picture of the seventeenth century (No. 1224) represents a group of people "Examining Antiques in the Shade of the Eleoca Tree."

We may end as we began, with a quotation from Kuo Hsi: "In my leisure hours I have often perused poetry and found that some of the beautiful lines give full expression to the inmost thoughts of men's souls, and describe vividly the scenery before men's eyes. Nevertheless, unless I dwell in peace and sit at leisure, with windows cleaned, the desk dusted, incense burning, and ten thousand worries drowned and subdued, I am not able to get at the mood and meaning of beautiful lines, think excellent thoughts and imagine the subtle feelings described in them. The same thing is true of painting. It is not easy to grasp its meaning."

M. CHAMOT.

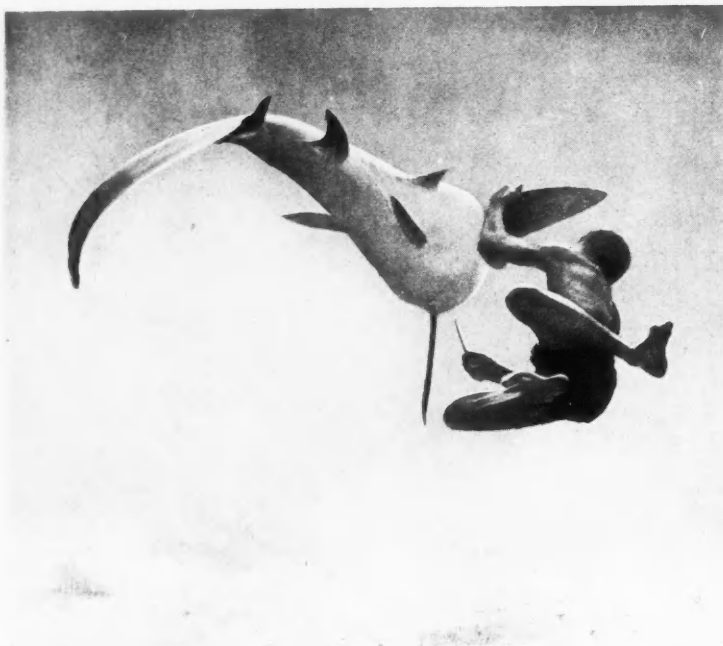


8.—"AUTUMN MELONS" (Sung)
Lent by the Chinese Government

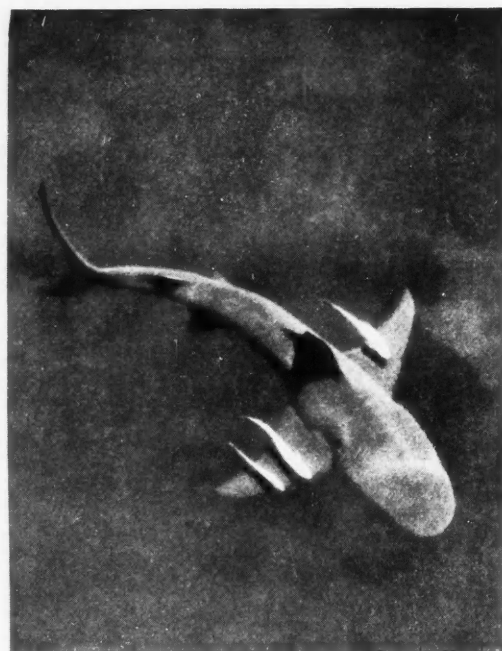


9.—"EARLY AUTUMN," by CHIEN HSUAN (A.D. 1235-1290)
Part of a scroll lent by Detroit Institute of Art

"TWENTY YEARS UNDER THE SEA"



"AN AMAZING PHOTOGRAPH OF A NATIVE WEST INDIAN DIVER IN THE ACT OF KNIFING A SHARK"

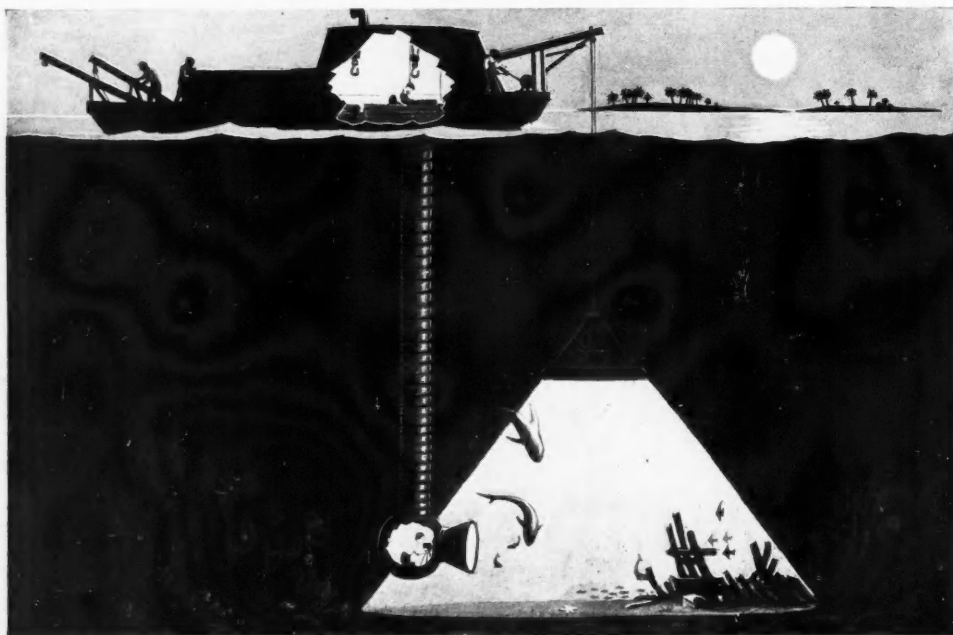


STOMACH SIDE UP, THREE SUCKER FISH RIDE ON TOP OF A SHARK'S HUGE FINS

ENTERTAINMENT is always provided when a brilliant showman condescends to "give the show away." In *Twenty Years Under the Sea* (Bodley Head, 15s.) Mr. J. E. Williamson gives a brightly written and beautifully illustrated account of an astonishing film career first made known to the English public when the author showed, under the title of "Beneath Tropical Seas," a series of under-sea films at the Regent Street Polytechnic as far back as the year 1914. There must be many who can recall the thrill of those first "close-ups" of the Bahama Seas over forty feet beneath the waves. The man responsible for that film is the son of a master mariner, and for some years was employed first as a marine draughtsman and later as a Press photographer. He conceived the idea of turning one of his father's inventions to artistic account. His invention, originally intended for salvage purposes, consisted of a flexible tube leading to a submerged observation chamber commanding a view of the sea floor. The wonderful "shots" taken by Mr. Williamson with his movie camera through the plate glass windows of the chamber have thrilled thousands of cinema audiences. Among his earlier efforts were "shots" of huge sharks fighting over a dead horse or dealing with native divers armed only with knives. During his first years as a submarine cinema producer the author contented himself with "straight" films, though it must be admitted that the fauna and flora of the West Indian sea floor is sufficiently extravagant to satisfy the most impatient and

imaginative creative artist in the most extravagant and imaginative profession. Genuine thrills were never lacking nor adventure far away. There was, for instance, always the chance of the tube connecting the submerged chamber with the air above springing a leak, while other equally disturbing mishaps offered themselves as part and parcel of the day's work. Perhaps Mr. Williamson is tempted to wax over enthusiastic about the horrors of the octopus. His references to its "dead eyes" filled with bestial malignancy does this mollusc less than justice. Actually the octopus's eyes are gem-like in their brilliance, and the creature is not more cruel than many other inhabitants of the sea or land. But it is as an exploiter of all the cinema's spectacular possibilities that Mr. Williamson is most entertaining, for he works in a world where truth and fiction vie with each other for mastery. The *magnum opus* of the writer was the film of Jules Verne, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Beneath the Sea." This demanded the employment of a whole army of divers—literally submerged scene-shifters—and involved such minor incidents as the firing of a £5,000 yacht and the keeping at arm's length of hordes of sharks that continually "swam into the picture" to the ruin of the original scenario. With characteristic perversity these creatures might, on the contrary, become "stage shy" when most wanted, and on one occasion over £50 had to be spent on bait in order to induce a "man-eater" to take its cue at the right moment. Other unexpected diversions were the obtrusions of

the sucker fishes. These fish have powerful sucking discs on the top of the head, by means of which they attach themselves to ships or large fish such as sharks, and are thus carried from one feeding ground to another without any effort on their part. Sucker fish would appear in their hundreds and destroy the view by attaching themselves immovably to the outside of the observation window. The high spot of the Jules Verne film was the entry of an octopus 35ft. across the arms. Such a monster could not be provided by Nature to order, and in any case might have proved difficult to control. A property monster was, therefore, made of rubber and "animated" by a diver ensconced within its globular body. As a result of endless experiments this octopus could even be made to discharge the characteristic ink cloud by means of which octopuses and their relatives can fog the water and so cover their retreat.



THE WILLIAMSON SUBMARINE TUBE

The submerged photographic chamber lately turned to scientific account by Dr. William Beebe can, of course, be used for endless purposes besides either that of salvage or the production of thrillers. Not the least entertaining chapter of the book is that describing how Mr. Williamson's device was used in collecting material for the remarkable sea-floor groups now in the American Field Museum of Natural History. Some of the coral trees covered thirty feet and weighed many tons, and had to be "picked" by means of dynamite.

The numerous photographs illustrating this book are as thrilling and fascinating as the text.

F. G. BOULENGER.

(Right) "SERGEANT-MAJORS, CONVICT FISH AND SCHOOLMASTERS PARADE BEFORE US"



A CHRISTMAS MEETING

By BERNARD DARWIN

TO one who has within him too many of the elements of Ebenezer Scrooge and Gabriel Grub, when they were in their unconverted state, Christmas is rather an exhausting season, and not the least exhausting part of it is that he feels bound to write at this time of year a "seasonable" article.

It happens that my own Christmas, or that part of it which I look forward to intensely, begins when other people go back to work and I sneak away for a golfing holiday. So the way in which I have generally dealt with the subject is to write about my holiday and my journey there, which I can do with unforced enthusiasm. I shall do it again, but with a difference, because a year ago there befell me on my journey something which had the genuinely seasonable, Dickensy quality such as ought to happen on Christmas journeys. The journey of which I have too often written before has been by train; but last time a friend took me in his car. That was an almost magically delightful drive, and I feel as if I could remember nearly every mile of it. There was the bleak early start in cold rain, and then the first hopeful glimpse of blue sky after we had passed the Huntercombe golf course and were drawing near to Oxford. There was the beauty of the grey Cotswold villages, the surpassing loveliness of Bourton-on-the-Hill, the surpassing goodness of the glass of beer at Broadway. Then came lunch on a heavenly common in Worcestershire; I can see the very piece of turf now on which we pulled up by the roadside and ate our sandwiches and drank our cider, thinking how fine a golf course we could make there, if somebody could give us a few thousand pounds. There was the desperately steep hill through Bishop's Castle and the desperately steep hill down into Kerry, the first sight of a familiar river, and so home with ever increasing excitement through the gathering dusk.

Those things, however, belonged to the journey there and my Christmas story belongs, in point of historic truth, to the way back. We had stopped for lunch at a famous inn and were going to look at a famous castle afterwards. We were smoking after lunch, as certain as we could humanly be that nobody in the whole town either knew or cared who we were. Our situation was that of Hazlitt when, on his journey, he exclaimed: "Oh, it is great . . . to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties; to hold the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening; . . . be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*!" On a sudden there was brought in to us in our parlour a letter unquestionably addressed to me. I behaved like Sam Weller on a similar occasion when he "looked at the seal, then at the front, and then at the back, and then at the sides and then at the superscription," and then at last decided with a thrill that I might as well open it.

The mysterious letter came from two golfers in the town, one of whom mysteriously knew me by sight and had caught a glimpse of me as I arrived. We, of course, asked them to step

in, and in they stepped, asking us very kindly to come and play on their course. That, alas! we had not time to do, but we had an agreeable conversation about all manner of things and in particular, I remember, about the Welsh football fifteen. As to that I am pleased to recall that I, in my ignorance, turned out to be right and they, in their much greater erudition, turned out to be wrong. Finally we parted with much friendliness, and I only wish I was going that way this time, that we might renew acquaintance. It is going to be a train this year, but perhaps it may be a car again some day. At any rate, I think I am justified in saying that this was the right and proper thing to happen near Christmas time, with the real genuine flavour—a combination of *Pickwick* and *The Seven Poor Travellers* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*—the flavour of unexpected and friendly meetings on the roads of England.

It had, too, a flavour of old-fashioned golf. I have played golf long enough now to remember the time, fast growing legendary, when if on a journey you encountered somebody bearing golf clubs you took an almost fraternal interest in him. You glanced privily at his bag to see who made his wooden clubs and how many clubs he had in all (a much easier task than it would be to-day); you wondered where he was going to play and whether it was the same course to which you yourself were bound; you hoped that he would speak and, if he did not, you perhaps plucked up courage to start a golfing conversation yourself. To-day there are too many golfers: you want your favourite course as much as possible to yourself, and you are delighted to see your fellow traveller and his monstrous sarcophagus full of clubs decanted at some station that is not your own; if he looks at your clubs with interest you are inclined to entrench yourself behind your newspaper. Well, here was a pleasant exception to that modern rule; our two new friends were drawn to us because we were golfers, and were kind to us accordingly.

Meanwhile, in spite of these suitable, even noble, sentiments, I am struggling against a most unseasonable wish. This time, as I said before, my journey is to be by train, and my wish is that we should set out in the snow. The reader may interpose the remark that this is a very proper wish for Christmas—snow, holly, robins, and that sort of thing; but he has not grasped my real baseness. I wish that what has happened before may happen again, that the snow may lie deep all across England (with everybody shuddering and miserable), that it may still be there when we cross the border, and thicker than ever as our engine pants its way up to a certain lonely little station on a hill-top, and then, when we dash down into the valley and are nearing the sea, that the snow may magically disappear and a green links await us. That has, as I say, happened to me several times before, and it is idle to deny that the pleasure of perfect winter golf has been enhanced by the thought of snowbound golfers elsewhere. However, I have conquered that un-Christian wish because it won't do at Christmas, and besides, my prayer might be too generously answered; the snow might come a little way too far.

JUNE DAYS ON THE SERENGETI

GAME, GREAT AND SMALL, IN TANGANYIKA



A HERD OF WILDEBEEST COMING TO WATER

“NOW June walks on the waters” and an exceptionally good rainy season has been sweeping the Serengeti Plain in Tanganyika Territory since January: the grass is lush, water plentiful, and, like London folk who swarm to the big parks on a bank holiday, so the game animals swarm out on to the open Plain during the rainy months to revel in the good grazing and the freedom to be found there. Wildebeest, Grant's and Thomson's gazelle and zebra have come out in their millions this year, while eland and kongoni are to be seen in smaller and more select parties.

On the edge of the Plain the small lakes, river sources and bogs, dry and sterile for the rest of the year, are now green and fertile, and have become the breeding grounds of innumerable birds.

I write from a camp on the edge of the Plain, and in every direction, as far as eye can see, there are massed herds of wildebeest grazing, prancing, trekking to water, and all the while keeping up a non-stop chorus of interrogatory honking. At night the muffled roar of their movements filters through the tent and can only be compared with the rumble of distant traffic in a large town as heard through closed windows. Facing me is a small lake, which in the dry season resembles a snowfield, so salt is its serebed; at present, however, the water stands a foot deep, sufficient in depth and substance to attract a flock of greater flamingos, who spend the days shovelling through the water or drowsing with heads tucked under wings. It is impossible, though, to approach these vigilant birds, for as soon as they notice the slightest movement on the shore, they slowly wade off, to continue their daily round in the centre of the lake. If thoroughly disturbed, they rise and, with protesting croaks, fly off to the far bank, the vermilion of their underwings and legs reflected vividly in the still water.

Early in the mornings, when the reflections are truest, we generally see three or four lions slinking along the lake shore to take up their position for the day in a gully just beyond. One morning the stillness of the water was shattered by five hyaenas who had evidently been skulking round the camp during the night; disturbed, they splashed their way across the lake, scattering the occupants and making off into the long grass on the far side.

There are several families of Cape wigeon on the lake; one brood we know quite well now, having seen them every day of the delightful week we have spent here; there are twelve ducklings, all at the bobbing stage, and they seem quite unmoved by our presence.

Sand grouse are noticeably few in this area at present, which is unusual; of morning or evening flights we have seen nothing, while the banks of likely drinking pools show no signs of the presence of the birds in any numbers.

Duck are also scarce, though this is only to be expected, for it is a poor duck area; garganey and Cape wigeon are the only two representatives, the latter being still engaged with their broods, which is quite against all rules of the game and seems to indicate that duck time their breeding season rather by the rains than by the time of year in this part of the world.

In the small pools that lie beyond the lake there is a positive riot of life; Egyptian geese are busy with half-reared families, and the knob-nosed goose and his consort are frequently to be seen, though we have no reason to believe that they are breeding here.

At least five pairs of crested cranes are mating in the vicinity, though we have only seen one nest, a pile of dry grass and rushes perched on a tuft in the water; there are two eggs, large and of a greyish white colour, which on closer inspection proves to be a delicate shade of pale blue. We have spent hours watching the hen getting on and off that nest, and have come to the conclusion that she is a feckless bird preferring the attractions of the shore to her home cares. The dancing that preludes the nesting of a pair of these decorative cranes has to be seen to be believed.

I spent one morning hidden in a tree overlooking one of the pools, and had a good view of numerous bird visitors. A pair of jabiru or saddle-billed storks waded quite close to my hide; a solitary African spoonbill found much to interest it in the muddy slush by the water's edge, an Egyptian goose shepherd her brood safely on to dry land, where they were immediately disturbed and had to scuttle off into the grass; while blacksmith plovers, dippers and coursers had a busy morning, the plovers keeping up a screeching chatter the whole time. The tree itself seemed to be the sanctuary of a flock of superb starlings—superb they certainly were with their vivid colouring of terra cotta, white, and a metallic blue which glistened in the sun; they were all building nests feverishly, and I was evidently straddled in a chosen spot, for one pair protested so loudly at my occupation that I had to leave.

Round the lake's edge, where the dried mud is pitted with wildebeest spoor, plovers are nesting in the approved style, mottled eggs carefully placed in the mud for all the world to see and no one to notice; the three-banded plover are here obviously mating, though so far we have not been fortunate enough to locate a single egg. The black-winged stilt, that enemy of the bird observer, is to be seen in great numbers, always ready to rise and give the alarm to its *confrères*. Once we caught a glimpse of what we thought to be a black crane.

Of lesser birds round the camp there are legion; doves, pigeons, coucals, barbets, and many varieties of starlings, weavers, warblers, larks and finches are all busy pairing and nesting, while on a flat-topped thorn tree close behind the tents a pair of secretary birds



VULTURES IN A TREE BEHIND THE TENTS

are making preparations for new arrivals.

On the evening of our arrival in the camp, a small brownish bird fluttered to the nearest tree and began an urgent conversation; this was a honey guide, and as soon as camp was pitched the game scouts whistled to the agitated bird that they were at its disposal; there ensued a game of follow-the-leader until the scouts spied a swarm of bees entering a derelict tree stump: in less than an hour the bees had been smoked out, the comb extracted, and we were gorging ourselves on the rich dark honey, the honey guide receiving the remains of the smoked-out nest as its portion.

All the trees round the camp are festooned with vultures and those unattractive old-men



A NEST OF A CRESTED CRANE

marabout storks. Whether they sense our impending departure, or whether they merely hope for scraps, I do not know; the rustling of their heavy wings when they are disturbed is like the rustling of taffetas.

Perhaps the most noticeable of all that we have seen is the extraordinary number of quail that are breeding here this year; there are two varieties, the Button and the Harlequin, the latter being extremely prolific—all seem to have reared families of about ten, and dozens of these attractive little coturnices are to be flushed in the long grass.

A small bush rat, closely resembling a field mouse in all but size, has appropriated the tent and lives among the shoes; at the moment it is hunched almost on my feet devouring a breadcrumb. AUDREY MOORE.

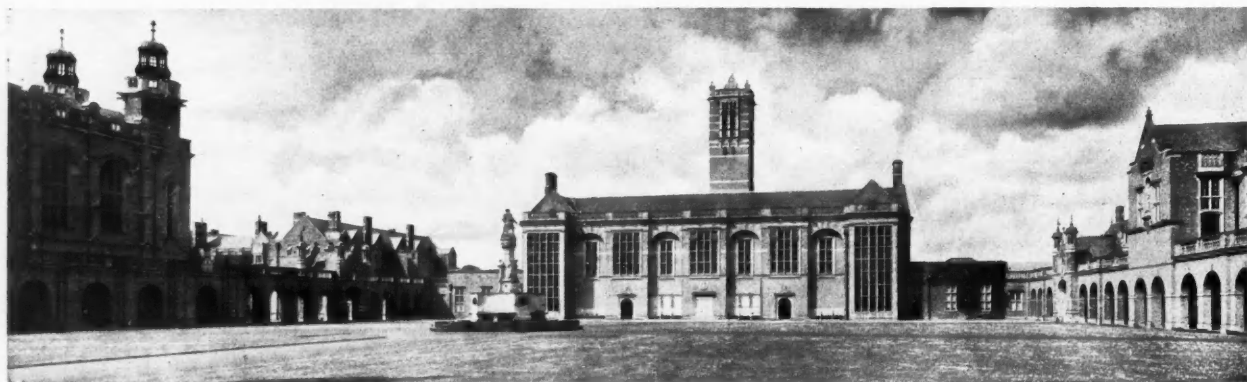
AT THE THEATRE THIRTY YEARS AFTER

THE other day I rubbed my eyes on reading, at the end of a very able article by Mr. Alan Bott, that Mr. John Gielgud "is fast attaining in the public mind to the stature of an Irving." There is no suggestion here that this is the stature to which Mr. Gielgud is attaining in his own mind; his aunts would certainly slap him out of any such preposterous notion, and anyhow Mr. Gielgud is much too much of an actor, an artist, and a man of sense to make so ridiculous a comparison. Now Irving died exactly thirty years ago, and the truth of the matter is that the public of to-day has not the vaguest notion what his stature was. Irving was not an eminent actor like Mr. Gielgud—he was pre-eminent. Even Mr. Shaw has admitted that. This is a remarkable admission for Mr. Shaw who has never been handsome about Irving except by inadvertence, and when he wanted to use Irving as a stick with which to beat some other actor. For example, Mr. Shaw has always hated the old stock-company actor of whom Barry Sullivan is the most tremendous example: "Barry Sullivan was a splendidly monstrous performer in his prime: there was hardly any part sufficiently heroic for him to be natural in it. He had deficiencies in his nature, or rather blanks, but no weaknesses, because he had what people call no heart. Being a fine man, as proud as Lucifer, and gifted with an intense energy which had enabled him to cultivate himself physically to a superb degree, he was the very incarnation of the old individualistic, tyrannical conception of a great actor. By magnifying that conception to sublimity, he reduced it to absurdity." Irving being a convenient stick to beat Barry Sullivan with, we read: "Nobody who is familiar with the best technical work of the Irving of to-day, its finish, dignity, and grace, and the exactitude of its expression of his thought and feeling, can (unless he remembers) form any idea of what our chief actor had to teach himself before he could carry veteran playgoers with him in his breach with the tradition of super-human acting of which Barry Sullivan was, as far as I know, the last English exponent."

In the same essay we have Mr. Shaw's allusion to Irving's "touching, appealing nobility of sentiment and affection—the dignity which only asserts itself when it is wounded." This I think Mr. Gielgud can do very well, for his work is always noble. But this is exactly where this beautifully graced actor falls short of Irving. He cannot be other than noble; even his Malvolio is nobility guyed. Has he—by which of course I mean that he has not—the "callous, humorous impishness, the latent, bestial dangerousness" of Irving's villains? I have no doubt that Mr. Gielgud would be a very moving Lesurques and a still more moving Charles I. But I really don't think he or any other living English actor could play Dubosc, or Louis XI, or even Mathias. There is no English actor living who

could make the faces Irving made. I shall never forget the look on Irving's visage when in that very indifferent play called "Dante" he caught sight of Ugolino starving in his tower. I have never seen anything so awful, and I never shall again. The whole trouble, of course, is that the fashion in drama has moved away from the great actor and towards team-work, that very inferior second-best! It might be argued that the decline of great acting is responsible for the drama in which all the parts are more or less of equal value. I do not think this is so. I think the drama moved away from great acting by its own volition. There is certainly no part for the great actor or actress, as that term used to be understood, in the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy, Maugham. There is not a single play by these authors which an Irving, a Bernhardt, a Réjane, and even a Duse would not have smashed to smithereens. A great actress in the old sense playing Hedda Gabler will reduce that play to nonsense by suggesting that Hedda had no need to marry Tesman and could have got all she wanted from life by going on the stage—and becoming as great an actress as her impersonator. How about "Saint Joan"? In my opinion a great actress in the old sense will annihilate this play by splurging through and emotionalising it. Equally, of course, any great actress of the Bernhardt type would sooner go to the stake than play in it!

Is it conceivable that any really great actress would make her final exit four pages before the end, and allow three members of her company to steal the curtain? No, it is not. Sarah Bernhardt once played in a piece about Joan of Arc, and when she was asked if she was a witch replied: "If I were, should I not be already far away?" And so saying gave the Chief Inquisitor a smile of such ineffable sweetness that you felt that the Inquisitor never was born who could have withstood it. I forget how the play ended, but I feel sure it was with a procession, with Sarah in a white smock at the head of it and to the sound of a cathedral-organ playing one of the sicklier bits of Gounod's "Faust." Thrillings, too—the kind of thing which has always so incensed Mr. Shaw and delighted everybody else! No, there is none of this sort of acting on the stage to-day. I say more's the pity because I have seen great acting and I cannot help thinking that the reason to-day's young people do not want great acting is because they have never seen any. What is wanted to-day is not the actor or actress who is fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky, but somebody who can hold his own with a lot of others about. There are several parts in "Saint Joan" which Mr. Gielgud would play with the utmost distinction, whereas Irving would have thrown the play into the wastepaper basket. And Irving would have been right, for "Saint Joan" is a masterpiece, which is the last thing wanted by your master-actor of the old school! GEORGE WARRINGTON.



THE DINING HALL SEEN FROM BIG SCHOOL, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE LEFT

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

I.—THE VOICE OF THE PAST

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

The famous uniform of the boys, blue coat and yellow hose, dates from 1552, when Christ's Hospital was founded by Edward VI in Newgate Street, London. The old buildings, which owed much to Wren, were abandoned in 1902 when the school moved into the new ones designed by Sir Aston Webb at Horsham

STILL a few years short of its 400th anniversary, and by no means claiming equal antiquity with many English schools, Christ's Hospital is nevertheless old enough to have been mentioned familiarly by the Elizabethan dramatists. When Dryden wrote his poem "Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders, 1666," he did not particularise but pointed to the Hospital as a venerable relic of the ancients, ruined by the Fire:

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd;
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

The wanting Orphans saw with watry Eyes
Their Founders Charity in Dust laid low . . .

Probably for Dryden and many more the exact date of the foundation was lost in the impression made by the old buildings of the Grey Friars, in which by 1552 Christ's Hospital had been established.

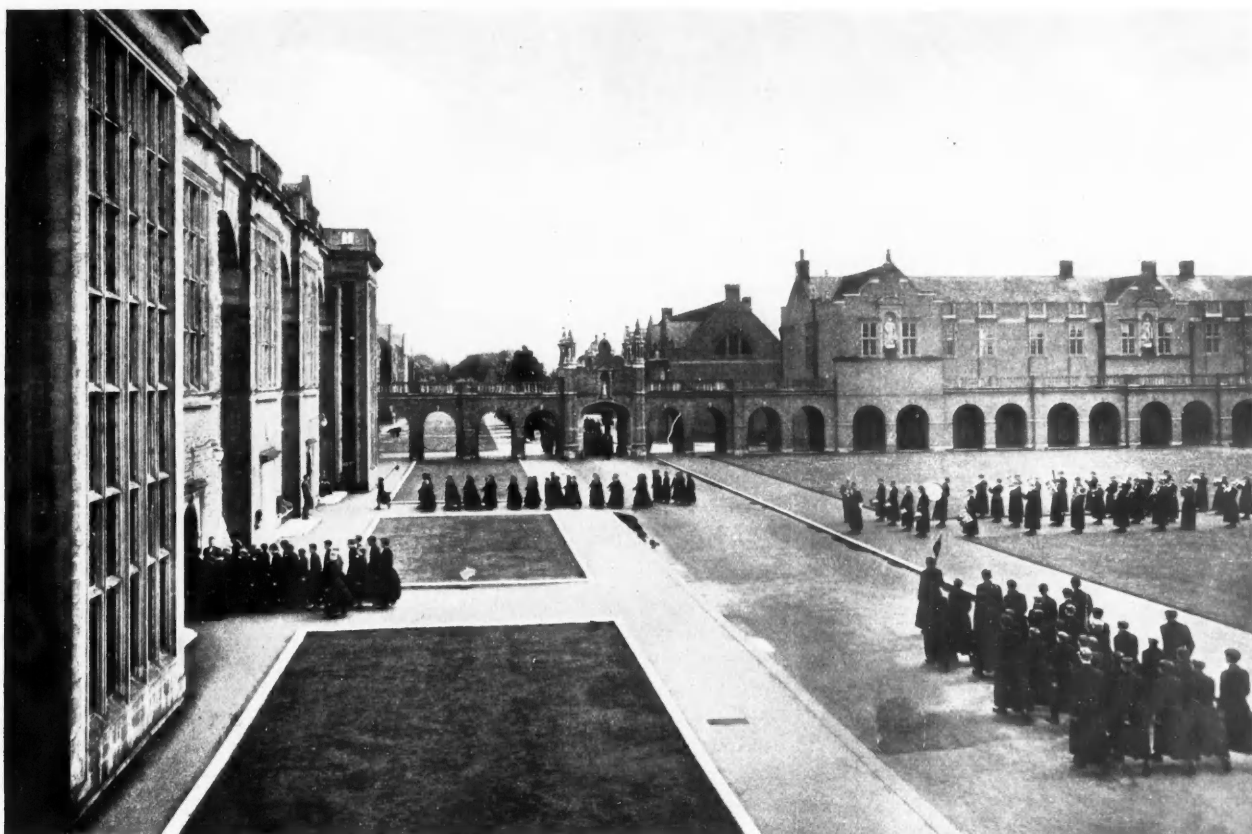
When it stood in Newgate Street, Christ's Hospital was not merely one of the schools of London—it was one of the sights of London. It was not merely the partiality of one educated there which caused Peter Cunningham in the *Hand-Book of London* to include Christ's Hospital among the "Places which a Stranger must See"—between the Bank of England and the College of Surgeons. That was in 1850, but the selection would have been the same at any time after 1552; on quiet visits or on great occasions, everybody wanted to see the Blue Coat School. We may catch glimpses of Evelyn, of Pepys, of



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THE FOUNTAIN IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUADRANGLE

"Country Life"



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MARCHING INTO HALL BY HOUSES, PRECEDED BY "MARKERS"

"Country Life"



THE SCHOOL BAND MARCHING ON TO "DINNER PARADE"

On all weekdays the school falls in by Houses along the lateral avenues and marches in to dinner to the brass and bugles of the band: not a "militaristic" display, but a practical means of getting 800 boys into the building without confusion



Copyright DINNER IN HALL—THE TABLES HAVE BEEN LAID BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES "C.L." Along the wall is Verrio's immense canvas, from Newgate Street, of James II giving an audience to the Bluecoat boys and girls

Swift, of Peter the Great, of Defoe and Dr. Johnson passing through the Cloisters. The Public Suppings—there are still Old Blues who, despite what our poet Coleridge calls "this altered size," can demonstrate the "bowing round" and the procession of the "trades"—attracted rank, talent and (one need scarcely add) beauty. From time to time the Hospital was especially the concern of remarkable minds and personalities. Mr. Arthur Bryant has been recently tracing, for instance, the activities of Pepys in connection with the Royal Mathematical School instituted after the Fire within the Hospital. Newton was a benevolent adviser. Wren was another.

The earliest and simplest purpose of Christ's Hospital was to reduce the evils of poverty in sixteenth-century London. Poor orphans were to be rescued from the streets and their consequences. The plan was so well handled that it yielded very rapidly the larger results we see. The Hospital became a "nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars"; here the counting-houses found youths of promise; the grammar-masters sent forth new strengths for university, school and church;

eventually the naval and East India services drew hence some valuable recruits. At a very early date this school shared vigorously in the expansion of Empire, and in an ancient American poem by Cotton Mather which I have seen, the couplet

"Tis *Corlet's* pains, and *Cheever's* we must own,
That thou, New England, art not Scythia grown,

names two educational colonists who had worn the blue clothes.

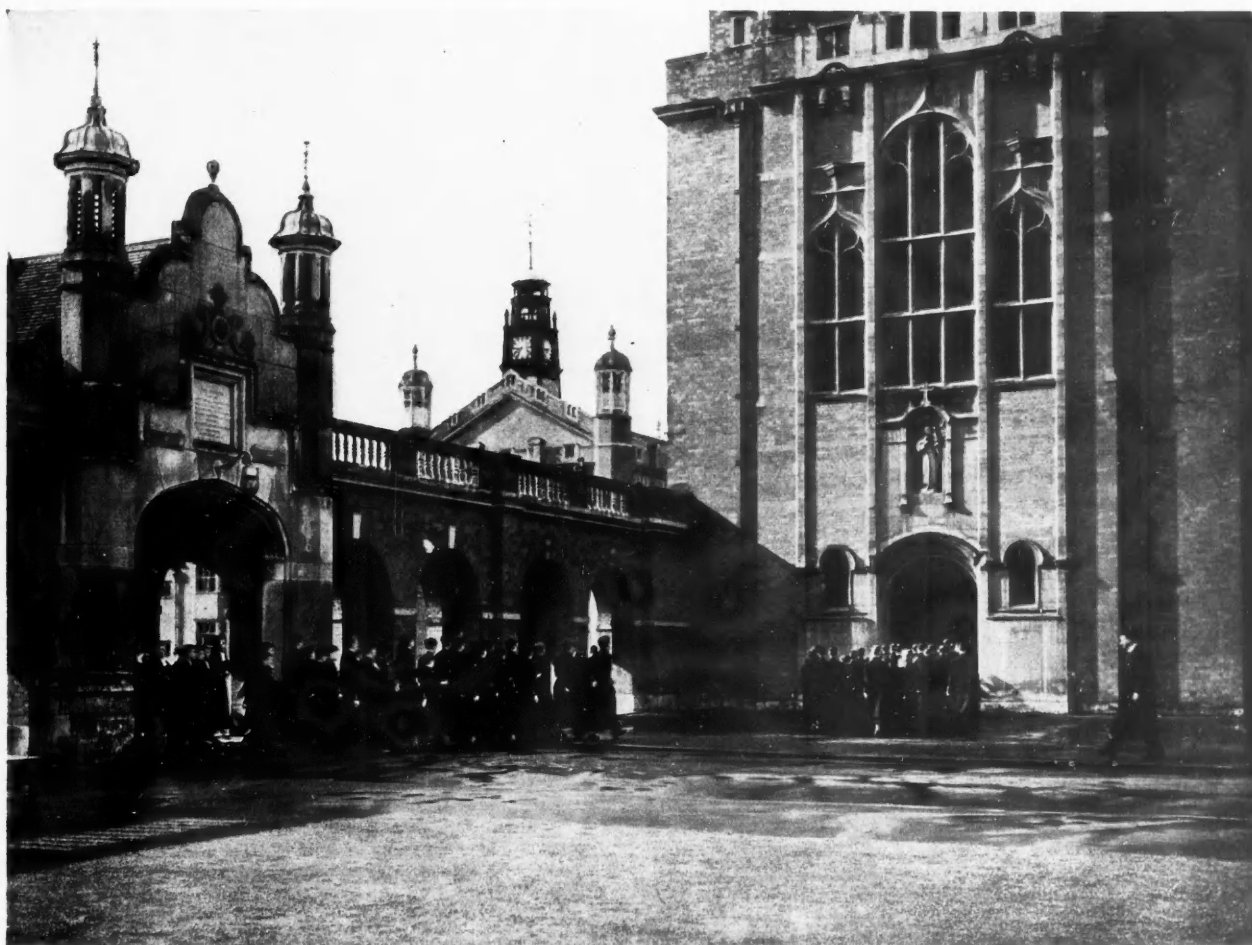
Penmanship being formerly almost as much "the soul of business" as punctuality, it is no wonder that the Writing School in old Christ's Hospital was one of the most important of its kind. Its merits may be estimated by the place it occupies

in Mr. Ambrose Heal's great work on the Writing-masters. The boys endeavoured to attract the notice, and occasionally the small silver, of future employers by their fantastic skill in calligraphy. "Striving," I think, was their word for this art. Besides, they acquired other rudiments of business. Warren Hastings himself, not a Blue, was sent to Christ's Hospital for a period of commercial training. When the present writer was at the School, there were still writing-masters, who could bring off devastatingly

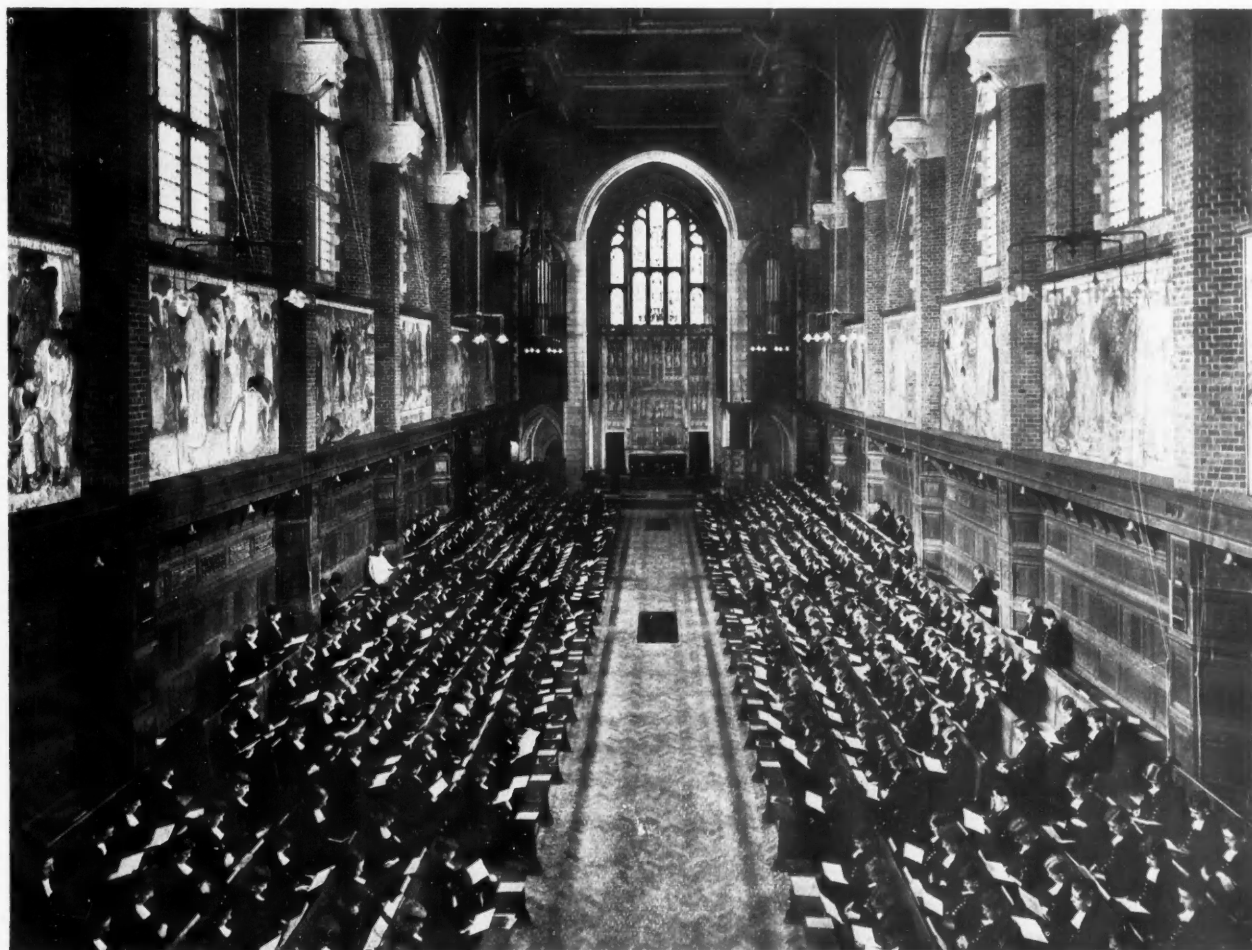


IN BIG SCHOOL

An Elizabethan tradition, that the whole multitude should sing well



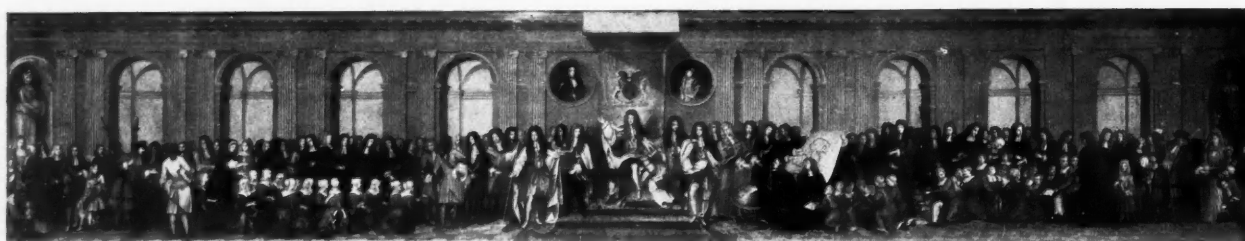
GOING INTO CHAPEL. With a glimpse of the Headmaster, Big School clock, and the Cloisters—the central archways of which, designed by John Shaw, were brought from Newgate Street



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IN CHAPEL: "GRECIANS" OCCUPY THE BACK ROW

"Country Life"



VERRIO'S SMALL DESIGN FOR THE GREAT PAINTING OF JAMES II RECEIVING THE BOYS AND GIRLS
The audience was given by Charles II, though James II appears both in this sketch and in the completed picture

clever feats with pens; the signatures of Mr. Armstrong in our autograph albums were jealously compared in respect of the elaborateness of each.

Another tradition which has survived "all the hands" at Christ's Hospital is music. In the Elizabethan age there was a very practical reason for making musicians of the boys; and, careers apart, it was always excellent policy that the whole multitude should sing well. The charms of their music, in true Orpheus spirit, helped to build their walls, by alluring new benefactors. Readers of Lamb will remember particularly the allusions to the Easter anthems; on Easter Monday there was always a grand procession to the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, and thence to Christ Church, Greyfriars, where the anthem was sung. Our own poets and musicians composed these anthems annually, and they were printed delightfully as broadsheets, with details of the state of the Hospital at the time; I know of one so early as 1610, and the series went on into the nineteenth century. Then, again, Lamb speaks of the Christmas carols in his day; and although modern Blues do not, like their predecessors, spend Christmas within the Hospital, they have never let the carol tradition fall away.

It is hard to form anything like satisfactory conclusions upon the life of Bluecoat boys in the now distant periods. Many witnesses have recorded passages of experience at Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, in condemnation rather than gratitude. Writing as "Elia," and assuming the part of a "poor friendless boy," Lamb has lent the force of genius to several darker aspects of his old school. For instance, he displays the horrid circumstance attendant on an expulsion—and one cannot be blamed for deducing that such expulsions were characteristic. Yet the records (and Christ's Hospital records are scrupulous) contain only one instance during Lamb's seven years as a Blue: in 1788, while one young offender was "restored upon receiving the proper exemplary correction," another "who appeared incorrigible" was "clothed in an ordinary garb, and expelled after public correction in the Hall." So keen was the feeling against "Elia" on this point that after his death his schoolfellow and admirer le Grice requested his publisher's leave to edit the essay and omit the expulsion. Le Grice was not fool nor prig.

On the whole, I find it possible that the children of Christ's Hospital were happier in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than in the nineteenth; that Fielding's novel *The Fortunate Blue-Coat Boy*, which Macaulay knew by heart, they say, may perhaps have shed an illusive warmth on me. Certainly the history of the Foundation in the nineteenth century

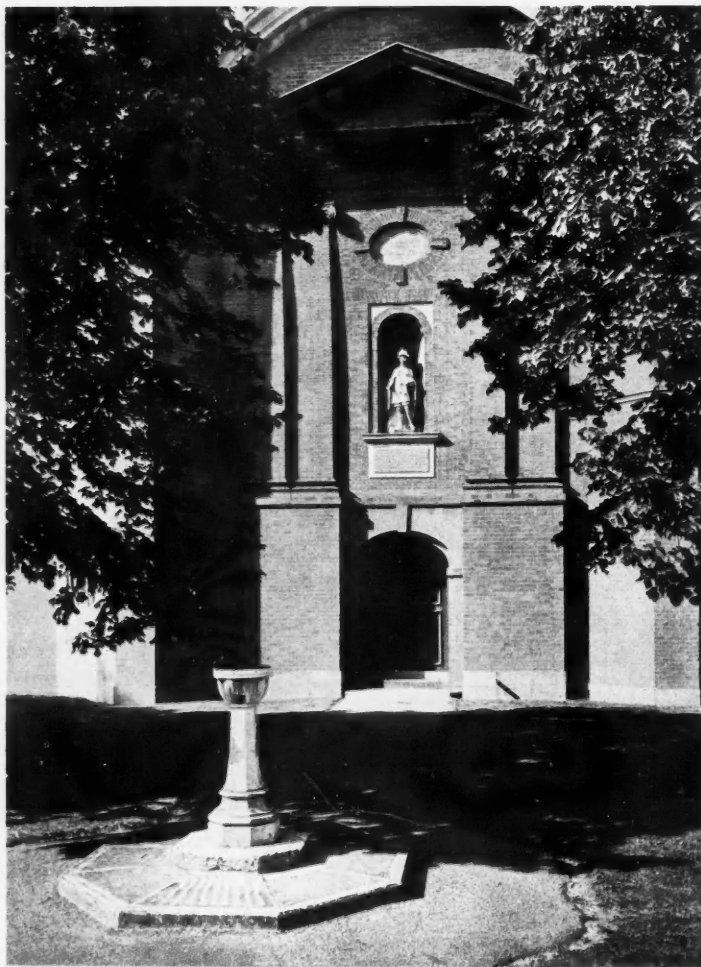
—rich as it was in wordly success, academic result—reveals a public uneasiness and even hostility towards it. In the days of the Reformists, there were clamours against the misuse of the charity. A tragic incident in 1877 gave a chance for still more bitter charges against the Hospital, and though these were met by cordial apologists for the School, still a great many persons of influence were persuaded that the conditions were disgraceful. The educational idealist and the growth of London also pointed to the necessity for a great change. After many years of rumour and debate, the School was removed to a place presumed to be safe from London's tide of bricks and lamp-posts, and the new chapter began.

The site chosen for Christ's Hospital—the boys arrived there in 1902—was Stammerham, below Horsham in Sussex; and it is not forgotten that Shelley the poet knew the still surviving farmhouse as his uncle's. (Had his been a calmer star, he should have been a Governor of Christ's Hospital. His friend Leigh Hunt, one of our few poets, would have seen to it.) The greatest intention in the reconstitution of Christ's Hospital was, I believe, to bring the masters and boys into closer relationship. In London, out of school hours, the system had left the boys to their own devices or the uncertain discipline of those who were not their teachers. One only of the race of Beadles survived into my day as a Horsham Blue; and my house-masters dominated all my existence. A further innovation was the appointment of masters who had not been educated in Christ's Hospital. The general rule in London was to choose as officers those who had been Blues. It may be imagined that the old

principle did not invariably mean enlightenment, and even that it contributed something to the outer world's prejudice against Christ's Hospital (a notion that it was a sort of dungeon, which I suspect is not yet everywhere extinct.)

It will be asked what the architecture of London lost when, over thirty years ago already, the miscellaneous fabric of old Christ's Hospital was demolished. Wren had long before changed the appearance of the place, and of his work the Writing School had vanished about 1790. There was left his Mathematical School, a justly admired building in red brick, dated 1682. Beautiful and famous as it was, it could not be saved. Yet the main doorway was transferred to Horsham and re-built in the sunny end of Big School. Its niche is occupied by a statue of Edward VI, who (in pursuance of the designs of Henry VIII) "was the Founder of Christ's Hospital"; but it commemorates as well one of the most kindly of our benefactors.

A letter of Wren to the Treasurer in 1694 expresses alike the excellence of the writer



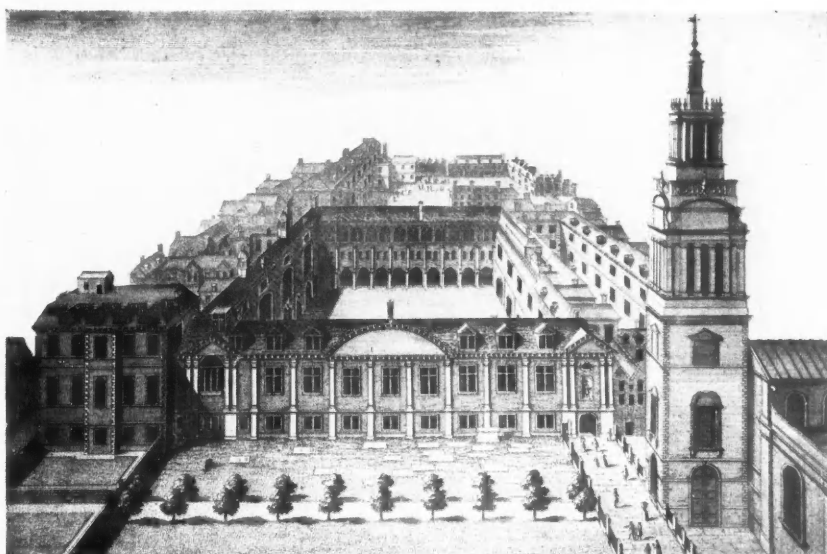
WREN'S BRICK PORTICO FROM NEWGATE STREET,
RE-ERECTED AT THE BACK END OF BIG SCHOOL

and a Christ's Hospital enthusiasm. He commends "a practice in designing or drawing, to which every body in Italy, France, and the Low Countries pretends more or less. I cannot imagine that, next to good writing, any thing could be more usefully taught your Children, especially such as will naturally take to it . . . It is not Painters, Sculptors and Gravers only that will find an advantage in such boyes. . . . I was surprised to see what Mr. Smith hath shewn me, performed by some of the Boyes already, by which you may perceive how soon they imitate and teach one another." Something of Newgate Street persisted in the Drawing School at Horsham for a long time. I will not assert that Art ever crept in there before the arrival of Mr. H. A. Rigby; his predecessors' ambitions "did not that way tend!" Our business was to draw without deviation the E, V, X and Kite, the First and Second Handglass, and some other models rising in difficulty.

In a broad sense Wren survives at the modern Christ's Hospital (I do not mean in the mechanical drawings which even in my day were done very finely by the ingenious). It is a little town in red brick, spacious, cheerful and coherent. An element older than Wren's day, but sustained by his insight, may be found in the Cloisters which form two sides of the central group of buildings, and fountained Quadrangle. The habit of the most learned and eminent Blues, probably transmitted from the Grey Friars, was always to "expatiate and confer" along these Cloisters. I say "these" referring to the spirit, not the letter. It was in the Cloisters that the boy Coleridge, with philosophical "deep and sweet intonations," the greatest of all our Grecians, used to amaze the passer-by about the year 1790.

The migration to Horsham did not at once interrupt the series of clergymen who had been "Upper Grammar Masters"; indeed, the late Dr. A. W. Upcott was as serious a divine as any of them, and those who remember his deliberate, patriarchal advance from his place in the School chapel to the far end and the pulpit will not think the tradition of our "Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation" lost anything of solemnity in his reign. The chapel was itself a thoughtfully created successor to Christ Church—where the boys sat in somewhat similar order, though nearer the roof, and their monitors aloft overlooked them. "We rivalled the monks in that part of our duties," it was said of Newgate Street, and it might have been repeated of us. Just as in old Christ's Hospital the Grecians read the Lessons, often with intensity and grace, so it was in my time; and our prayers in the day-rooms were the same that Henry Compton, Bishop of London, had written for the Blues of the seventeenth century.

In Sussex the new School received the advantages which the Girls' School at Hertford had long enjoyed. The nineteenth century, if I am right, looked on a Bluecoat boy as knowing the least about wild nature that could be known. Stammerham and the Rev. L. H. White (worthy of his Selbornian surname) changed that. We lost our rowing by the move, but we gained in every other sport. How lonely looks that mid-Victorian Blue who played cricket for his University! Lonely, too, are those



THE OLD BUILDINGS AND CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET. IN 1740
The Cloisters of Grey Friars survived in the quadrangle



WREN'S BRICK FACADE. The portico is seen *in situ* on the right



THE OLD WRITING SCHOOL, AND MASTER'S LODGE

of the older generations who made their way from the Cloisters to the camp—and some successfully. With the new day there came the O.T.C., one more sign that Christ's Hospital was moving in the direction of all the great schools and (alas!) of all the world. The curt demand of August, 1914, found the Blue not unprepared (even in outpost schemes!) Yet the most illustrious of our soldiers, Edgar Cox, was of the Newgate Street generation; his vigour, enterprise, persistency and honour will

seem to his juniors to represent the triumph of the hard school we missed. In his actual post—he was Haig's Chief of Intelligence at G.H.Q. when he was accidentally drowned—I think I see the Blue of the past; Lamb has defined "the character of the boys." The Cloisters bred a certain diffidence, which was present in my day, and which made many children of the Hospital content to the end to be valuable and loyal subordinates.

THE MODERN CRUSADER

Life and Letters of John Galsworthy, by Vincent Marrot. (Heinemann, 21s.)

It is perhaps a little unfortunate, in view of the fact that Mr. Marrot begins by saying that the story of John Galsworthy's life lies in his work, that this volume should be so long. That is no doubt due to the superabundance of material, both in the shape of correspondence and in the Forsyte novels, available to document a career which contained no element of sensation. As Mr. Marrot says, Galsworthy's progress was as well ordered as his own nature; his adventures were adventures of the spirit and of the heart. He never made the mistake of trying to live outside the limitations of life, and from this very fact a good deal of misconception has arisen. Those less securely balanced than himself have taken emotional poise for emotional frigidity and have labelled as sentiment a strong and authentic tenderness. It is this misconception which Mr. Marrot has set out to correct and, if it be agreed that Galsworthy is his own shrewdest commentator and that in his own writings lie the clues to his character, Mr. Marrot needs no excuse for having achieved his purpose by copious and well chosen quotation rather than by biographic gloss.

The fact that the Forsyte Saga is the story, containing many life-like portraits, of Galsworthy's own family has long been obvious to his readers, and not even his skill in translating "real life" into that of the imagination could conceal it. One of his sisters, we are not surprised to learn, begged him not to publish "The Man of Property," which was much "too life-like." But Galsworthy thought not. "I think for a moment," he replied. "To spot old Jolyon you must know intimately the whole cradle—the family circle—otherwise he may be any man of 80, especially as it is a phase of Father that was never shown to the world—not even to the family." His own crusade against Forsyteism is as completely explained by the facts of his life as by the circumstances of the chief characters of the Saga. Athletics at Harrow, horses and "form" at New College, a briefless period at the Bar, and voyages abroad were merely a preface to a long literary apprenticeship which coincided with a passionate attachment that brought him into violent conflict with the prejudices and preconceptions of well-to-do Victorianism in the 'eighties of last century. The result was "The Man of Property" which had a tremendous effect, now difficult to gauge, on the reading public of its time. Henceforward nearly all that he thought and very much that he wrote was inspired by his views of marriage and of the worthlessness of property.

His underlying creed, however, was broader and much more practical than this might imply. "To do his bit and be kind!" he wrote. "It is by that creed, rather than by any mysticism, that man finds the salvation of his soul. His religion is to be a common or garden hero, sans thinking anything of it: for, of a truth, this is the age of conduct." There are many pictures in this book, both of the pen and the camera sort, which make it easier for us to understand how he consistently lived by his own Stoic and, some will think, rather comfortless creed of conduct without belief. We see him at his effortless work of creation, with a writing pad and an inkpot in the garden or a sunny room. We see him playing village cricket till almost the very end, and living with joy in the affections of friends of every kind and class. We find him supplementing his hatred of the intolerance and humbug which stand in the way of sympathy between man and man, with a wide and all-embracing charity. He made the most generous use of the wealth which he was never without. His rule was, Mr. Marrot tells us, to live on half his income and give the rest away. Certainly nobody of our time ever devoted himself more fully and generously to all those causes of humanity and chivalry which attract to themselves a true nobility of mind. Mr. Marrot sums him up by saying that he was an exceptionally good man, an exceptionally gifted writer, and—within his wide personal limits—an exceptionally deep, broad and shrewd thinker. "There really were no shades in his character," he adds, "no vices, no meannesses, no pettinesses." His limitations—one man is one man, and cannot see with universal vision—and his infrequent moments of impatience or prejudice serve to make him more human than he might otherwise have seemed.

Private and Confidential. Edited by Brian Grayson. (Grayson and Grayson, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN these days, when so many people conduct even their intimate correspondence by means either of the telegraph or the telephone, letter writers like the pair of friends responsible for the contents of this volume must be rare indeed. "Who," observes the editor, "in these hectic post-War days, has the time, or even the inclination, to sit down at his desk, open his letter book, fill a page or two with a detailed

account of his own, or his world's, affairs, and then make a fair copy of his composition, with careful emendations, for despatch through the post?" "Adrian" and "Mericia" obviously had both time and inclination to spare; hence this collection of very entertaining and varied epistles, some of them rivalling in length those of Saint Paul. Adrian's spiritual home in point of time is decidedly the eighteenth century, a period of which the manner of his letters is often reminiscent. Mericia belongs as a correspondent more to the eighteen-hundreds—the intellectual 'eighties rather than the naughty 'nineties, perhaps. Both writers are of catholic tastes and definitely independent opinions. They are interested in spiritualism, in gardening, in food, in manners, in politics, in each other and in other people. They have a stock of good stories, some of them with a distinct "kick" in them. One schoolboy howler deserves quoting. "What is a Soviet?—A Soviet is a term used by the Middle Classes for a napkin." Both, too, have those strong likes and dislikes without which alike the written and the spoken word are so deadly insipid. C. FOX SMITH.

Victorian Swansdown, Edited by Cyril Bruyn Andrews and J. A. Orr-Ewing. (Murray, 10s. 6d.)

ON a February afternoon in 1877 H.M. King George V, then a small boy, was taken by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the farewell performance of John Orlando Parry. The fact that in addition to this distinguished audience such famous names as Mathews, Toole and Terry appeared on the playbill was in itself a tribute to the general esteem for "that original friend and favourite of the public" who had made his first youthful appearance some fifty years before. Parry had inherited from his father considerable musical talent: to such accomplishments as singing, and playing both harp and piano, he added a gift for entertaining and for composing such widely differing works as "The Good Samaritan" and a polka for the Surbiton Cricket Club Ball. The diaries which Parry kept are full of apt remarks, although for the most part his observations are of a fairly trivial nature. The Eisteddfod, his visit to Paris, and his stay in Naples, however, are of interest as well as entertainment, for his musical career brought him into touch with many prominent people at these places. The drawings which accompany the diaries show that sketching was by no means the least of the accomplishments of this very versatile man.

Scenery and the Sense of Sight, by Vaughan Cornish. (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.)

PART scientist, part artist, part poet and mystic is Dr. Vaughan Cornish: a very unusual combination. And the result is a book that breaks interesting ground. The author makes records of the wind (draws the records, as well as observing and writing about them); he shows, verbally and pictorially, how a mountain may cast its shadow on a cloud; he discusses the tone, colour and texture of scenery; he has things to tell us about how our eyes deceive us, and how our senses act as unconscious artists. Nor does he make his minute and careful observations of scenery in any dry-as-dust spirit. He is at his best, for instance, when describing such an experience as the sense of mystic detachment, enlargement and awe that may come upon a person gazing down for any length of time at "the reflection of landscape in the clear waters of a lake." And so, with all he writes about, his ultimate motive is to search more deeply in the mysteries of being. He asserts his belief "that even the mystic state is often due to sense perception," but he also adds, very finely: "In my view this explanation does not imply that such mystic experiences are illusory; on the contrary I regard the refined action of the senses as revelational." There are ten illustrations, all by Dr. Cornish himself, and these add greatly to the interest of the text. V. H. F.

Victorious Troy, by John Masefield. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

BECAUSE "The Bird of Dawning" is for me among the great novels of recent years, I opened *Victorious Troy* eagerly, hoping once more to find myself swept as that story swept all its admirers with wide wings of terror and delight. The new story has the same preoccupation with the details of a sailor's life and work and the way of a ship on the waters, the same fine description of weather and men, the same admiration for heroism, both that which acts and that which endures. It tells the story of a sailing ship, "The Hurrying Angel," caught in a cyclone, dismissed because her captain had carried on too long with too much sail. One mate is killed, the other swept overboard, the captain badly injured: it is young Pomfret, senior apprentice, who heads the ragged remnants of the ship's company and somehow brings her into port. It is not such a fine book as its predecessor, because the tale it tells is itself less interesting; but in everything else it is equal—the characters live, the descriptions of the cyclone are glorious, waves and winds foam and rage through its pages; boys who are sea mad will delight in its seamanlike detail, older readers in its absolute unself-consciousness; and now and then, particularly in writing of life and death, Mr. Masefield uses words as only a poet can, and the tumult of his story and our world is stilled. S.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE STORY OF STAFFORD HOUSE, by the Duke of Sutherland (Bles, 10s. 6d.); FLOWER ARRANGEMENT, by F. F. Rockwell and E. C. Grayson (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.); SABI PAS, by F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.); AN ESSAY ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING, by Kuo Hsi (Murray, 2s. 6d.); THE ENGLISH ABBEY, by F. H. Crossley (Batsford, 7s. 6d.); ENGLISH FABRIC, by F. T. Harvey Darton (Newnes, 10s. 6d.); FICTION: DOWN THE SKY, by Margaret D'Arcy (Murray, 7s. 6d.); COME DUNGEON DARK, by J. A. Cole (Faber, 7s. 6d.).

Famous Hunts and their Countries

THE BORDER

A YEAR ago we were attempting to describe the Tynedale country and made some generalisations about the bleakness of the Northumbrian landscape in comparison with the warmth of its hospitality. Our beliefs are unshaken, but generalisations on the county as a whole were perhaps a trifle daring from that one angle, since there seems to be some doubt now, not exactly whether we were ever in Northumberland, but whether we were not standing on our head at that time. For Northumberland faces north and is designed to receive from the north not only currents of Polar air, but visitors, a term until lately synonymous with invaders. So to gain the right impression of Northumberland, say the local partisans, you should really begin by going south to the Border. Anyone unfortunate enough to have to start from London is obliged to travel northwards. But do not dally in the seductive valleys of the Tyne and the South Tyne. Make straight, they say, for the upper reaches of the North Tyne, there to view the fortifications from within and to appreciate what hospitality and bleakness mean.

On arrival, we may add, take some iron tonic and adjust your ideas. "You see that double line of stone walls?" they said, pointing to a distant ridge. "That is the old green road along which they drove the cattle from the Rede valley to the Tarsset." "Where was the market?" we asked, picturing the oxen, shod for the journey to Smithfield, toiling through Warwickshire on the old Welsh road. "The market?" (Immoderate laughter.) "He thinks they bought them!" "My poor fellow, the cattle were from Scotland and they were just borrowed. Sometimes their former owners came and borrowed them (or others) back again. That was before the days of the Ottawa agreements, and one had to live—or die in the attempt."

The Border country must, for the moment, be taken to mean the country hunted by the Border Hounds, which includes only about twenty of the seventy miles of boundary between England and Scotland. Nearest the North Sea at this extreme end of the kingdom are the North Northumberland Hounds, hunting in the low country. Next inland are the College Valley, a young but exceptionally efficient pack, hunting a country mostly loaned



THE LATE MR. JACOB ROBSON
Master of the Border Hounds 1879-1933. The
portrait presented in 1926

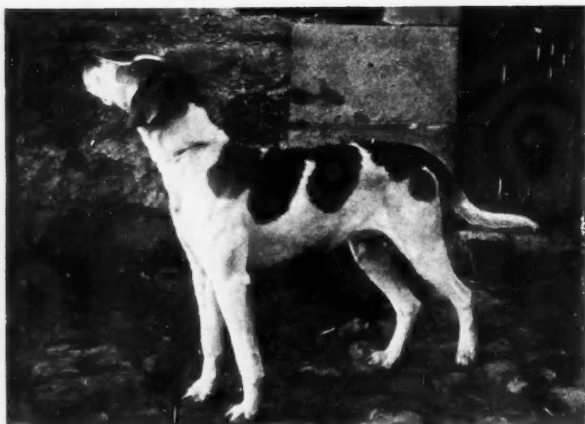
by the North Northumberland and including the highest ground on the Cheviots. Next comes the Border country, on either side of the shortest, but by no means the lowest, road from Newcastle to Edinburgh, going by Otterburn and Jedburgh and crossing into Scotland at Carter Bar, nearly 1,400ft. above sea level. Farther to the west again are the North Tyne, probably run more economically than any other pack in *Baily's Hunting Directory*, and the Bewcastle, who are a shade more economical still (they began last season with two and a half couple of hounds), but are unrecognised by the same authority. The other neighbours of the Border are—on the Scottish side, the Jed Forest and the Liddesdale; on the English side the West Percy and the Tynedale. Boundaries are not very clearly defined, but unquestionably the oldest packs in the neighbourhood are the Border and their cousins (in descent and style) the Liddesdale, either of whom could hunt a great deal more country than at present if they had the time and the inclination to do so.

The north-western edge of the Border country thus lies in Scotland, but by far the greater part is in England. The road to Scotland cuts it in half, running north-west over the Ottercaps to Otterburn and then straight up the Rede valley to Carter Bar. On the east side the River Coquet—surely one of the prettiest names that ever graced a river—rises four or five miles from Carter Bar and winds its way to the east through the steep green slopes of the Cheviots into the West Percy country close to Alwinton. On the opposite side of the road the Kielder Burn rushes westwards to join the North Tyne on its way down the south-west side of the country to Bellingham and Redesmouth. In between the Rede and the North Tyne is one more valley—some say the prettiest of all—down which flows the Tarsset. North Tyne, Tarsset, Rede and Coquet—the valleys run not unlike the fingers of a hand outstretched towards Scotland. In former days, when that hand was not employed in grasping, in derision to the English nose its thumb was frequently applied.

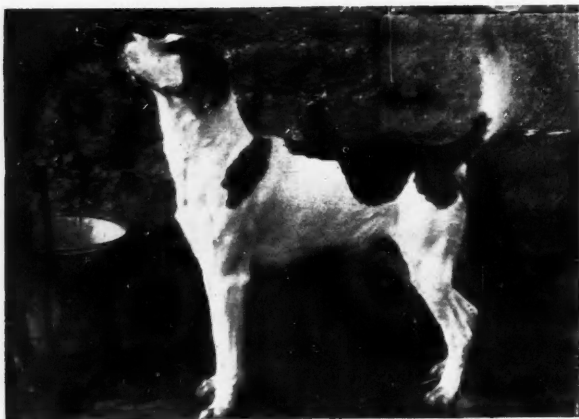
Four or five hundred years ago there were five great families in these particular valleys—Robson, Dodd, Hall, Charlton and Milburne. It was they who repelled the Scottish invaders and



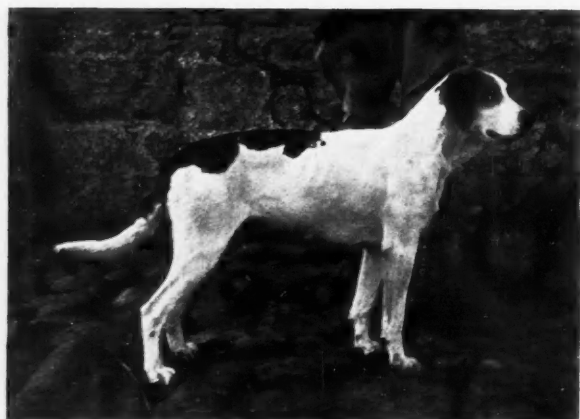
A STRONG HOLE IN ROWAN TREE CRAG



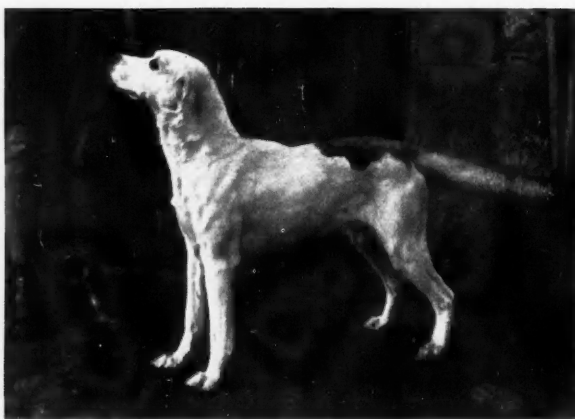
RANGER



RINGWOOD



MUSIC



STORMER

who conducted some not so peaceful penetration in return. They owned almost all the neighbourhood, and they kept it alive. They no longer own it all now, but they farm a very large area and, with the aid of the Chase, they still enliven it. For the Joint-Masters of the Border Hounds are Mr. Jacob Robson and his uncle, Mr. Simon Dodd, with two of his cousins, Mr. Geoffrey Robson and Mr. John Hall, as whippers-in; while Charltons and Milburnes still play their part as supporters. Incidentally, it may be added that the Liddesdale are the heirloom of another family of Dodds, and that the Masters of the North Tyne and the Bewcastle are Mr. Bartholomew Charlton and Mr. Victor Hall respectively. Robsons of Byrness and Dodds of Cateleugh (two miles apart, at the head of the Rede valley) have kept the Border Hounds for at least 130 years. Before that no one can say who kept them, but it is most unlikely that the foxes had peace or that there was anyone else at hand more competent to hunt them. Mr. Jacob Robson has an oil painting dated 1839 of a hound belonging probably to his grandfather. Anyhow, a Robson of Byrness of that day had (among other children) three sons, John, Jacob and Tom. John hunted the Border Hounds in succession to his father until he married (in 1879) a Miss Dodd of Cateleugh, whose father had also hunted the hounds. He and Mrs. John Robson now live at Newton with their son Geoffrey, already mentioned as whipping-in. His brother, Jacob Robson, then took the hounds and remained as Master until he died two years ago. He also married a Miss Dodd, sister of his sister-in-law and of Mr. Simon Dodd of Cateleugh, who became Joint-Master with him in 1919. Mr. Simon Dodd showed some originality, for he went so far as to

marry a different generation of Robson, choosing a daughter of the third brother, Tom, of Bridgeford, who was Master of the North Tyne Foxhounds from 1891 to his death in 1910. When Mr. Jacob Robson died in 1933, having been a Master of Hounds for fifty-four years (longer than anyone else in England at that time), it was not surprising that his son, also Jacob, was fully qualified by all traditions to succeed him. He, the present Joint-Master, had in fact been hunting the hounds for his father since 1926.

Indeed, it is impossible to imagine a stranger hunting the country at all. Would it not in any case take him years to learn his way across it? From a distance it looks marvellous country over which to ride. The vista of thousands of acres of moorland

is broken only by the occasional line of a grey stone wall. Here and there is a valley, whose burn must share with the old cock grouse and the black-faced sheep the monopoly of the moorland conversation. You may cross and recross three-quarters of the country without meeting more than the single road to Scotland, and the one obscure railway can hardly be said to exist. Before the Forestry Commission began their recent planting there were not more than perhaps half a dozen fir coverts just in the valleys. To this day there is hardly an acre of arable land. Virtually the whole country is moorland and grazing of varying degrees of roughness. But the clay sub-soil is as wet as the climate, and where there are not bogs, which you cannot cross, there are often small open drains, which you cannot ignore, however well hidden in heather. Nor is the moor common land, nor under one ownership like Dartmoor. It is all divided up into separate farms, however far removed from



MR. JACOB ROBSON
Joint-Master with Mr. Simon Dodd of the Border Hounds

anything that may be termed a road, and between every farm there is a wall or, more often, a plain wire fence. To be sure the walls are jumpable, at any rate with a clatter of falling masonry (before or after jumping) and the wire fences are well supplied with wicket gates. But in such a grand scenting country no huntsman could hope to keep in touch with his hounds unless he knew where the gates were to be found.

Nor could anyone hunt the country who was not first and foremost a sheep farmer. Sheep are the one local industry. Incidentally, the application of sanctions may affect the Border country rather cruelly, for most of the wool from the black-faced sheep has hitherto gone to Italy to make—not, as you might suppose, black shirts, but carpets. Lonely farm-houses are the only possible places at which to meet or to stay overnight when hunting the edge of the country, and the Master would have to know all about sheep, from double-dipping to the value of merino wool, to qualify as an interesting guest. It happens that lying out overnight now plays an important part in the management, for some ten years ago Mr. Jacob Robson moved with the hounds from Byrness, which was well in the middle of the country, to Cold Town, West Woodburn (is there a better address?), away in the south-east corner. So to hunt the northern and the western edges of the country the Master takes all his hounds and a couple of horses and stays with some relative or friend. He invariably hunts on two, and his father often used to hunt on three, successive days with the same hounds. Why is it that south-country hounds cannot hunt more than two days a week and must not be fed less than twenty-four hours before hunting?

There is little question of hunting with different hounds, for the whole pack only consists of eleven and a half couple, and has often been smaller than that. The hounds, of course, have been bred for many generations from Border strains, which are not to be found in the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, but were noted and approved by corresponding generations of Robsons and Dodds long before the Stud Book was printed. When the Master needs an outcross or one or two extra hounds, he goes either to the College Valley, where he can find diluted Border blood, or to the Fells (in particular of late to the Coniston), where he can find a type of hound very similar to his own. That type is medium-sized, with a fine neck and shoulders and great length from hip to hock. Perhaps the southern critics would call it light-middled. They would certainly call it back at the knee and splay-footed. But on such perfect going these feet seem to wear as well as the neater variety and for going up and down steep hillsides apparently possess great advantages. Not many hounds are bred (perhaps two or three litters a year), and just lately the levelness of the pack has been upset by a run of bad luck, several good hounds having met with accidents and the puppies having had hysteria. But these few hounds, hunting two or three days a week, will regularly kill forty brace of foxes a season, a tribute to the skill of their huntsman on which it would be an impertinence for a visitor to enlarge. Indeed, in 1922-23 old Mr. Jacob Robson, with less than ten couple of hounds, killed fifty-five brace of foxes. Many more go to ground, of course, in what are locally termed "strong holes," but the supply of foxes is not so large that hounds are constantly changing, and, with sheep stain the only technical handicap, the proportion of foxes fairly lost is very small indeed.

The country favours the travelling dog fox as much as ever it did. The modern wire fences mean nothing to him. He goes on over the open in search



THE BORDER HOUNDS AT GREENCHESTERS

Mr. John Hall, whipper-in, on left, and Mr. Jacob Robson, Joint-Master and huntsman



CUB-HUNTING AT BLACK BLAKEHOPE

A beautiful view of the Rede Valley in the distance



BOLTING A FOX ON THE ACRES

Mr. Jacob Robson and his hounds, with a Border terrier (in arms)

of a vixen, and, where vixens are apt to be scarce, his return journey may well provide the long point so dearly prized in fox-hunting history. Ten and twelve mile points are not uncommon, and one day in March, 1915, hounds made an eighteen mile point, finding at Archer Cleugh, near West Kielder, and killing their fox near Alwinton in the West Percy country. No one was with them all the way, so no one can swear that they did not change foxes; but it was a wonderful performance, and since then there have been others almost equally prodigious. The great merit of the country has hitherto been its lack of covert—that covert in which so many foxes dawdle and so many changes take place. At present the foxes are mostly to be found in the bogs and on the sheltered hillsides. Nor does anyone mind an occasional long draw where the country is really too bare, provided only that the fox must fly for his life when eventually he is found. But alas! the Forestry Commission, laying plans, no doubt, of national importance, has bought and is beginning to plant many hundreds of acres in the West Kielder valley, at Blakehope and in the holy of holies—at Byrness. To have in the middle a large, impenetrable woodland full of foxes may perhaps reduce the country to the level of many others, who console themselves by saying that woodlands are so useful for cub hunting, or so useful in the spring. But did we not say that the landscape is bleak? Why have not trees grown there before? Perhaps the elemental forces may prevail.

We were saying that the Border officials might hunt a much larger country if they had the time or the inclination to do so. Some people might add "the money," as if with the extra expense of another ten couple of hounds it would be possible to hunt four or five days a week. But that suggestion would be both ignorant and unfair. In the Border country there is, thank

Heaven, no possibility of expanding a recreation into a business, putting capital into it to "improve" it and seeing the subscription list grow in return. That is what divorces fox hunting from its natural foundation and what will kill it, if anything ever does. If you are a *bona fide* sheep farmer you cannot hunt more than about three days a week. But you must have a horse or two, and it is not much trouble or expense to keep eight or ten couple of hounds in some corner of your buildings. It is as natural to hunt the fox as to shoot the grouse on your doorstep, and the hunting becomes a science quite of its own accord. That is what hunting really ought to be. The Border Hounds meet at nine o'clock and their officials wear, not scarlet, but dark grey coats, because—well, because that suited them in the dark ages when fox hunting and shepherding were even more closely interwoven and there is still no reason why they should change. Fox hunting is a part of their normal life, not a charade.

In the south of England we always say that the fox hunter needs the glamour of his scarlet coat to make his way across country. Indeed, he does—because he is out of touch with those whom he hopes to impress. But there is no need of anything so spurious on the Border. Fox hunting there springs from the soil, affected perhaps by the trade in lambs, but untroubled by considerations of super-tax or financial crises. The few subscriptions are paid mostly in kind, and visitors, though most hospitably received by these powerful families, are an inconsiderable factor. Nothing can shake that type of fox hunting. The Border country has given up its former ideas on stock raising, but in other respects it has not changed much. There seems no reason to suppose that, with its bleak climate and its constant supporters, it will ever change much. Nor has it need to change. M. F.

A NEW GAME FOR HORSEMEN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I am much interested in the subject of making some form of cheaper polo that would teach the young idea to play, and provide polo for those who cannot afford to play the game mounted on the modern type of polo pony. There should be no reason why there should not be clubs where ponies are limited in size and thus go back to the days when polo was started. The difficulty would be to guarantee the number of ponies. Possibly this could be done with New Forest ponies or some other indigenous breed. I do not see the necessity for devising some new form of game. Polo is such a very old game, and it would be simpler and probably better to go back to some of the older forms of the game which are even now still played in different parts of the world. The question of small ponies carrying weight need not be considered. In Burma they still play polo on ponies 13.3 hands and average men play the game there; but as far as beginners, youngsters anyhow, are concerned I suggest it would be a simple matter to organise the game in the way it is still played in Chitral Gilgit and in most of the villages along the hills to the north of India. I once went up to Chitral, went north, and turned down through a pass to Yasin, and so on to Gilgit and Hunza-Naggar, and never failed to be entertained if I stopped at a village with a game of polo in which I played. The game is played on a very much smaller and narrower ground, on small ponies which take far less out of themselves than a big highly trained first-class polo pony.

If the ground was arranged about 150yds. to 180yds. long, by not more than 50yds. to 60yds. wide, and sufficient children were got together to play, I would recommend that they play on such a ground, but with a soft ball such as is played with in indoor polo. This would not only make it safer, but infinitely cheaper in both balls and sticks for the children, and on such a restricted ground there would be no necessity for keeping so many ponies.

One of your correspondents referred to the difficulty of the child or person with one pony. If polo under these conditions was played twice a week it would not hurt a strong small pony to play three chukkas on these restricted grounds on each day, provided it had a rest in between chukkas, and this should be enough to encourage the child with the one pony. A small ground as described could be easily organised, and the upkeep should be very little, and I can see no reason why, where a big pony club exists, such a scheme should not be started. I agree that you could play more than four a-side, but am doubtful whether it would be advisable to play more than five. Such regular games, properly looked after, for children would not only encourage budding polo players for the future, but would also make them quite useful players by the time they started the real game, and do away with the initial difficulties which at present prevent the ordinary beginner from achieving any skill for a season or two.—J. R. C. GANNON, Lieut.-Colonel.

SIR,—I am much interested in the Correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE. I think polo on modified lines an excellent idea from every point of view, provided it is properly organised and run, and the riders, of whatever age or sex, are sufficiently capable not to abuse their mounts. I do not think it would be out of place to say here that at many of the gymkhanas I have attended I have been horrified at the standard of riding. Even competitors who, in the showing and under ordinary circumstances, seem to have, to a greater or lesser extent, mastered the art of horsemanship, in a gymkhana go pot, betray that the use of the legs is entirely forgotten, the wretched mount spun round on the fore hand, elbows and legs flapping, and a general sense of rush and confusion. One often wonders if a gymkhana is meant in any way as a test, and to further the art of horsemanship, or merely as a relaxation for the person on top—certainly not for the horse in most cases. Surely the greatest thing to aim at in riding (and in all else in this life) is a calm and balanced mind? Much has been written about a balanced body—but the headpiece controls that! Gymkhanas, certainly in most cases, seem to destroy all balance. I am dead against them for small children, and I think no one should go in for them unless the rules of riding have been so instilled that they are second nature and can be executed correctly at speed and under all circumstances; otherwise great harm is done to their horsemanship.

I think "modified polo" would also develop into a "rough and tumble" wherever it was started, unless under the control of those who really know the game and could organise. Riders must realise that they must work hard to ride well enough to attempt to play. They should have to pass some test before being allowed to do so.

Sir John Moore's letter struck me as being excellent—the game to be played on 13h. to 14h. ponies, giving a chance for the first cross of the native breeds to show what stuff they are made of. But I think Mr. J. F. Davidson's idea of riding schools taking up polo for those who are beginning to be bored with hacking would be a very amateurish affair. It must be run seriously if at all, but the cost of a pony to be £100 or £120, as suggested by Mr. Tresham Gilbey, would be far beyond the limits of most people's "limited incomes." Would this be necessary? I am no authority, but I have in mind a much more "modified" game, but with the same rules, as far as possible, as for ordinary polo.

I possess and have sold many 13-14.2h. ponies—but not for £100!—some I have bred, with speed and quality, generally derived from their sire, and stamina and willingness and amazingly sweet temper from their Dartmoor dams. What could be more interesting, given the ability to do so, than to school these and their riders in the game of polo? I cannot think of anything on horseback—except hunting (this I can do, the other I can't, so I am not really qualified to speak) that can touch polo.

Good luck to anyone who can invent a better game.—J. L. CAVE PENNEY.

SIR,—There is no reason why pony polo could not be started next spring on the lines mentioned by your correspondent C. A. Gould. The following points are suggested for inclusion in pony polo rules. Hurlingham Club Polo Committee's rules to be adhered to except as stated below:

(1) Ball to be of Sorbo rubber as used in indoor polo. (Reasons: a large soft ball can be hit on rough ground over which cattle have grazed, etc., thus reducing expense in rolling or mowing; further, the ball will not damage children and lady players.)

(2) Ground to be greatly reduced in size, say 180yds. by 120yds. (Reasons: it is easier to find a smaller-sized ground and maintain it. A small ground makes it easier to provide a larger safety zone in which to pull up unschooled ponies. It also reduces the amount of galloping and makes the game less tiring for small ponies.)

(3) Ground to be unboarded. (Reasons: to save expense and to discourage wild hitting.)

(4) Number of players to be increased to six a side. (Reasons: more people can take part for a given number of grounds. The game is less tiring for ponies, as each player has less ground to cover.)

(5) Chukkas to be reduced in number and duration: time of intervals to be increased. Possibly three or four chukkas of five minutes' duration each, with five-minute intervals, would do. (Reason: to enable players with one pony to take part.)

(6) Goals to be widened to 12yds. apart. (Reason: to enable approximately the same number of goals to be hit in games where the playing time is only fifteen to twenty minutes instead of forty-eight to fifty-six minutes as in polo.)

(7) Ponies to be limited in height. (Reason: to prevent expensive polo ponies from being played and thus spoiling the game for others.)—MARCO.

SIR,—Congratulations to you for encouraging discussion on a new mounted game. Such a game should, I think, not only be within the reach of children owners of one pony, but also of those people, children and adults, who are obliged to hire. I would hazard a guess that nearly 50 per cent. of the people who sit on horses—I use that expression advisedly—hire them from the many riding establishments which are springing up all over the country. Many of these people cannot ride at all. Lessons cost money, whereas the hire of a hack is cheap. So long as they do not fall off while moving in a straight line, jobmasters let them go forth into the parks and commons. Of course it's fun, but it is slow learning. The great idea is not to fall off (a) because it is often a long way down and (b) because the hireling is a homing mammal. In my humble opinion there are only two ways of learning to ride and to get most pleasure out of a horse: (a) hard

work in the riding school, or (b) sitting on a horse at all paces and in all directions with some object in view apart from mere riding. Of course, you must add to the latter the need to listen to what those who know tell you.

Now a game played upon soft going (or falling) in a confined space which prevents the horse clearing out, and at which the quicker you turn the better you will play, involving bursts of speed and ability to stop, would teach you more about balance and aids in half an hour than you will get in a year of tram-like hack rides.

Such a game is bagatelle- or squash-polo as played in the U.S.A. A riding school is the best place for it, obviously, for climatic reasons. But failing a riding school, an unroofed tan enclosure, boarded up to fourteen hands with sides leaning outwards, is not expensive to erect. If timber is too dear, wattle hurdles or one of the variety of sheetings used in the building trade will pass. A soft ball such as that suggested by Sir John Moore, which will spare the ponies' legs and bounce back off the side walls, and a polo stick complete the equipment. Long shooting is forbidden, and the ball must be hit off the side wall before it is in play. This game can be played with two or three aside in four ten-minute chukkas, and is not an undue tax on a pony. Incidentally, among good riders, it is a wonderful school for polo ponies.

And may I close, Sir, by having a tilt at your correspondent "D. E.-M." If any sportsman can afford to hunt, be he an "impossible" mounted on however hairy a "nondescript," no mere game will draw him from the finest sport in the world. There is an adage about what the eye does not see, so let "D. E.-M." use his or her superior cattle for the purpose of keeping in front.—T. ELDER JONES.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. C. A. Gould's letter in the November 23rd issue of COUNTRY LIFE with the suggestion of modified polo or a new game for riders who own only one

pony or who have to hire. There is no doubt in my mind that this idea is sound. Something worth while to those riders who hope to become horsemen and horsewomen, and I am sure that, with the right encouragement, this new game would soon be firmly established. Lectures and demonstrations would help tremendously. Practice with stick and ball (soft) at riding schools, competitions at local gymkhanas with stick and ball, would bring the idea to the minds of riders and the general horse-loving public who attend there.

If a new game is started, let it have a new name. I suggest "Stick," as anything with "polo" in it will make riders of hirelings shy off because it sounds expensive. Keep it cheap. The keenest are often the poorest. Make it bright and make it brief, for the sake of the ponies. I have to depend on hirelings for some of my fun, and I have the greatest sympathy and respect for their ability. I wish you every success in the new idea. I shall be one of the first to start. I was thrilled with the indoor polo at the Horse Show this year. Yes, get it going. It will succeed.—E. Y.

SIR,—Fortunately there seems to be a consensus of opinion among your readers, ruling out any idea of polo for the masses. Even "modified" polo with a soft ball cannot be played with a soft stick or preserve for a pony his soft mouth. Is it ridiculous to suggest that those who find hacking round the common a dull proceeding might spend occasional profitable half-hours in a field, improving themselves in the art of equitation? The great majority of those in the "one-horse" and "hireling" categories have no knowledge of the much greater joy to be derived from the proper control of a balanced horse. It is certainly true that the ordinary hireling would not, as a rule, lend himself to schooling, but those lucky enough to own their own horses could do a great deal—even on the hard high road—if they schooled themselves and their horses to take a little extra trouble.—H. B. DICKINSON.

SIR,—As a horse-lover whose only opportunities of riding occur at week-ends and in the summer mornings and evenings, may I be permitted to offer what I believe are the views of many like myself who are very interested in the topic of games for horsemen now being discussed in your Correspondence columns. Confining my remarks entirely to the outer ring of London, I know there are many people who learn to ride moderately well and who are most enthusiastic during the rather expensive and painful process. Having attained a degree of competence which enables them to ride out unaccompanied, they quickly lose interest in riding altogether, as the average person hiring from a riding establishment is not content simply to hack round the countryside. As a result, many such people find they don't get their money's worth in enjoyment out of riding, and decide to spend it on another form of recreation. But I am sure that if some organised game such as the modified polo to which your correspondents have referred were within their reach it would keep these people keen on the horse in the summer season, when without such an attraction they would probably ride only three or four times between May and October. Any movement which would bring about a wider use of the riding-horse is worthy of support on those grounds alone.

In the winter the black-coated worker can get plenty of fun drag-hunting, or even hunting a paper-trail, and the popularity of these "pastimes" leaves no doubt that people will ride if only there is plenty of excitement to be had at reasonable cost. It is true that the success of popular polo will create a demand at hiring-stables for a type of horse which riding masters do not keep, but I should think it would pay them well to buy some suitable ponies at the beginning of the season and sell them in the autumn. Unless some inventive brain can suggest a better game, polo in a modified form is the most likely game to catch on. In conclusion, may I say that many people whose opinions I have asked have been of the same mind as myself.—G. K. BARBER.

CORRESPONDENCE

* AN EXCEPTIONAL COCK PHEASANT *

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Your correspondent may be interested to hear of another pheasant which bore no trace of white neck feathers—a fine, upstanding cock bird which led a more or less solitary life in a marshy area of North-west Kent where the species is not particularly common. In my many rambles both in summer and in winter I have met him, and although his existence was also known to the local sporting fraternity he would emerge triumphantly after a day's shooting over the territory he knew so well. At the first report from a gun he would stealthily repair to a certain hole "somewhere on the marshes," where he would remain tightly until the "cease fire"; time after time the guns passing within a few yards of him. To my personal knowledge he evaded capture for three successive seasons—in fact, until last year, when I was compelled to leave the district and at which time he was still "going strong." And, lest his lordly form may still grace that otherwise rather drab environment, wild horses will not draw from me the exact place of his concealment!—Geo. J. SCHOLEY.

THE LADIES' PLATE

AT HENLEY

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I enlist your interest and sympathy in the attempt I am making to get an alteration in the conditions for the Ladies' Plate at Henley?

I suggest that the entries should be limited to eight for schools and to eight from Cambridge and the same number from Oxford

(but four from each University would be better); that the schools and colleges should be drawn in separate heats, with the result that the final heats of the schools and colleges should be rowed on the Friday, and that between the champion college and champion school on the last day of the Regatta.

I think this would add greatly to the interest of the racing, and would only eliminate crews of inferior ability (there are plenty of other regattas open for them), would shorten the daily programmes, and do away with the severe strain on the boys' crews in rowing many heats against oarsmen more mature.

The only difficulty I can see is how the entries are to be kept to the number allowed.

I suggest: by heats rowed before the Regatta proper, or by such other means as the authorities at each University might arrange. Honour would accrue to the crews which would thus become representative in a sense in which they are not now.—OXFORD ETONIAN.

FARM SETTLEMENT FOR GIRLS IN SOUTH AFRICA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—So many girls in this country take a course at an agricultural college, there are doubtless some among the more enterprising who would like to know there is a possibility of a similar training to be obtained overseas. In South Africa there are good prospects for employment for women who take up small farming or gardening professionally, either on farms or on their own. There is every facility for such training to be had at the Boschetto Agricultural College, situated two and a half miles from Harrismith, near the main line from Durban to Johannesburg and Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State. It is 250 acres in extent, and about a dozen students receive practical training in all branches of farming, livestock, poultry, dairy, gardening, fruit-growing, and bee-keeping. The inclusive fee is £100 a year, and the full course is two years, although some go for shorter terms. At the present time there

is a bursary of £75 a year to be awarded to a girl from Great Britain, able to pay the balance and the fare out (which is about £30 to £35) and willing, after she has obtained a diploma, to settle and try her luck in South Africa or Rhodesia. The climate is very good, the situation of Boschetto charming, and there is every social amenity in the neighbourhood for leisure time, and a thoroughly proficient teaching staff. Applications for the bursary, or more information, should be made to the Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women, Caxton House, Tothill St., Westminster, S.W.1.—ALICIA ROCKLEY.



AT THE BOSCHETTO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

CAPTURED ON A KENYA FARM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a baby zebra captured

**THE BABY ZEBRA, aged two months**

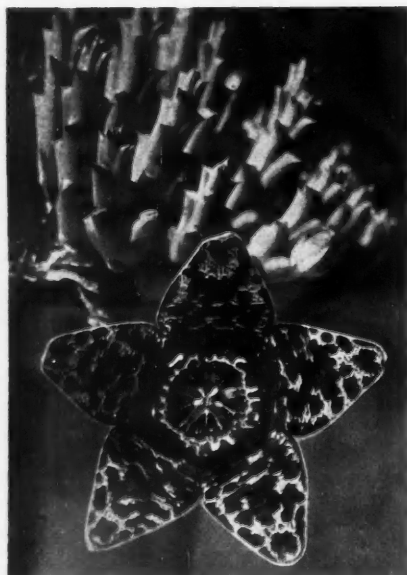
on a Kenya farm. There are so many zebras in this district that they do a great deal of damage in trampling down crops and eating young plants, and they are almost a pest. Nevertheless, they are by no means easy to catch, and it is very difficult to tame or rear them. This is possibly due to their weak hearts and the difficulty of finding the right nourishment.

This one, which is a female and about two months old, was brought in by the natives, who found her wandering about, feeling rather lost after her mother had impaled herself on some barbed wire. She is fed on a mixture of milk and water several times a day, which she devours ravenously, generally succeeding in upsetting most of it! She is also beginning to crop grass, and is very fond of salt, a lump of which she licks eagerly. She is very friendly, and it is difficult to keep her out of the house. If her milk is not forthcoming at the right moment she comes to the kitchen to demand it! She now wanders about the farm as she likes, and shows no desire to join the herds of her brothers and sisters in the neighbourhood.

The native seen with her here looks after her, and they are devoted to one another. The stripes, of course, as in all young zebras, are brown.—B. A. SOLTAN.

!FOR THE COOL GREENHOUSE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The photograph of *Stapelia variegata* demonstrates well the characteristics of fly-pollinated flowers. In colour it has a purplish

**STAPELIA VARIEGATA**

brown base with lighter streaks and mottlings. The smell is very strong and rather unpleasant, reminding some of carrion. It is likely that flies are attracted by the scent and by the colour as they are attracted to a piece of bad meat. Insects are probably more sensitive to colour and scent than to form. The shape of the flower is very *bizarre* and geometrically interesting. It is a most striking object, since it is several inches in diameter.

Stapelias are succulents easily grown in the cool greenhouse, and there they require little special attention. They should be treated in the same way as the majority of cacti and succulents and given very little water in the winter. All species of *Stapelia* flower best when they are pot-bound, and may safely be allowed to creep over the edges of the pot. There are many species, and nearly all have large and fantastic flowers. The majority are natives of South Africa, but the genus spreads through equatorial Africa and into Asia. Recently I found a species with peculiar-shaped stems and long spines on the lower slopes of Mount Kenya in East Africa. It has not yet flowered.—PATRICK M. SYNGE.

UNEMPLOYED BOYS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I believe every sportsman and sports-woman feels, as I do, a very keen desire to do something practical to help men, especially

**"MORE GROWS IN THE GARDEN THAN THE GARDENER HAS SOWN"**

Boys at the Y.M.C.A. Boston Spa Farm Training Hostel

young men and boys, who are without a job. I have been fortunate myself in that more than a year ago the Y.M.C.A. invited me to lend a hand with the services they have undertaken on behalf of the unemployed. The experience has rather opened my eyes. While public speakers have been "discussing" this problem, the Y.M.C.A. has been "getting on with the job," and with a dozen practical schemes has been making a most valuable contribution to its solution.

I should be glad to forward to any of your readers who desire further particulars, a booklet that gives some idea of the scope and variety of the efforts that are being made. These activities include some 150 occupational centres in operation; the training of out-of-work lads in the rudiments of agriculture, of whom 715 have already been placed on farms; hostels in London for youths transferred from the special areas; training boys for domestic service; reconditioning youths to fit them for entering the catering and other trades, and so on. There is definitely a demand for boys trained by the Y.M.C.A. for farm work. More than fifty farmers are to-day waiting for a chance to secure a boy from us.

I am convinced that the grave problem of unemployed youth can be brought nearer to solution if we can get every man and woman to lend a hand.

At the present time there is a most urgent need for increased funds if the Y.M.C.A. programme is to be maintained and a response made to the pressing calls for its extension. I know that this work will appeal to sportsmen. Will any of your readers who have benefited by playing games and engaging in healthy sport help us with a donation to assist these less fortunate lads? Communications should be addressed to me at Y.M.C.A. Community Services Office, 4, Great Russell

Street, W.C.1.—W. W. WAKEFIELD, Chairman, Y.M.C.A. Welfare Work for the Unemployed.

JOHN RIDD PONIES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I should be glad if any of your readers could give me information about "John

**STUMPY, AGED TWENTY-FOUR**

Ridd" Exmoor ponies. This one is now on a farm near Exford, and is about twenty-four years old. She is what they call one of the

"Old Exmoor Ponies." A sturdy, strongly built pony, up to a good deal of weight, and standing at least a hand higher than the Exmoor pony of to-day on the moor.

Before the War they were bred at Colbone by Sir Francis Acland; but—so I was informed—after the War ponies were fetching only a few shillings, and it was not worth while breeding them. Now there seem to be only a few left on the moor.

"Stumpy" has a foal, which has been broken in, and is for sale.

Any information about these ponies, and the whereabouts of any of them, I should be most grateful for.

These ponies are very sure-footed and fast, and have "J. R." branded on their backs.—M. G. S. BEST.

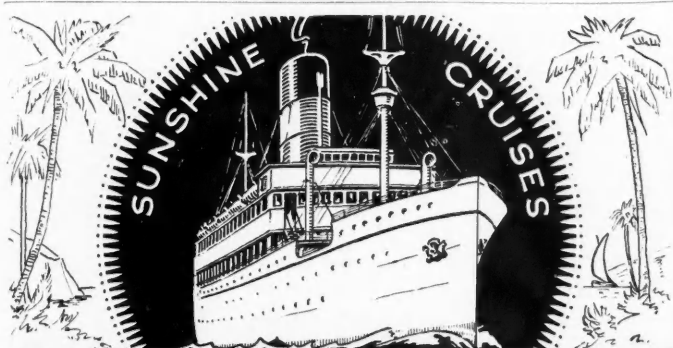
A WOODEN FONT

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is, I think, of considerable interest. It shows a very rare example of a wooden font. This font is in Marks Tey church in Essex. Dating from about A.D. 1500, it is of oak, octagonal in shape with well carved panels, and is probably the best of the few remaining mediaeval fonts which are made of wood. The basin is lined with lead.—H. J. SMITH.

[Wood fonts are very rare, though some must have perished through decay. The design of this font is clearly based on that of a typical stone font of its period.—ED.]

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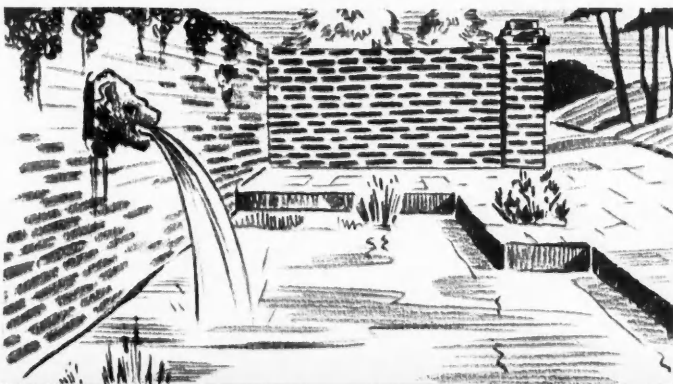
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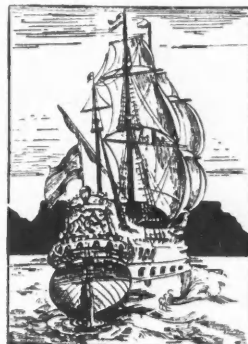
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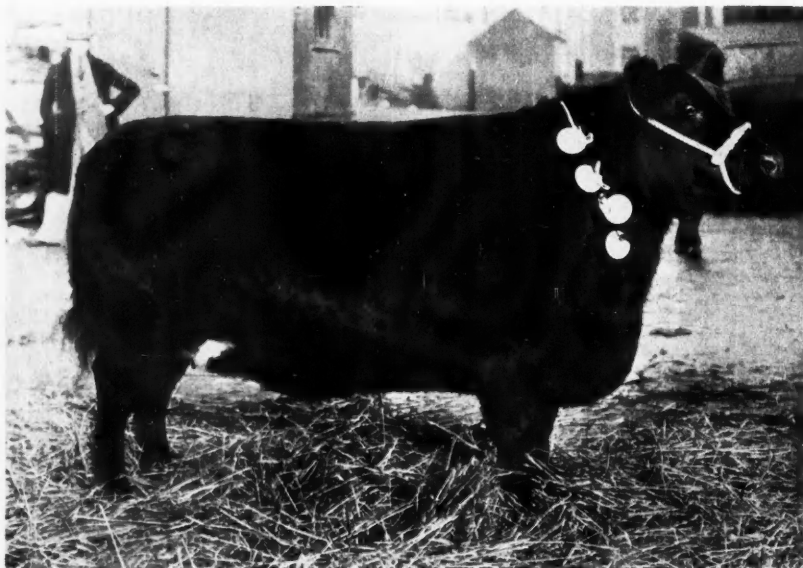
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AN ABERDEEN-ANGUS YEAR AT SMITHFIELD



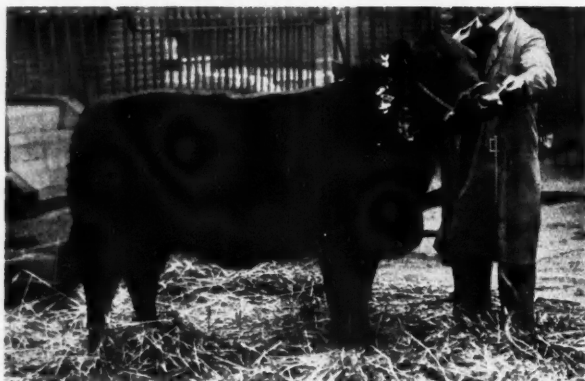
MR. J. J. CRIDLAN AND HIS ABERDEEN-ANGUS HEIFER, PRIDE OF MAISEMORE 55TH
First Prize, Breed Champion, and Best Heifer in the Show; Champion 100 guineas Plate and King's Challenge Cup

THE excitements of yet another Smithfield Show have been experienced at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, where stock-breeders from all parts of Great Britain have paraded their charges and sought to catch the eyes of the judges. There is always a pleasantly old world air about this agricultural exhibition. Times change, and the practices of breeders and feeders with them, but in the background there is the same spirit and interest, and even if the visit to the Show is but another excuse by the countryman for a visit to town, this is a repetition of what has been going on for more than 100 years.

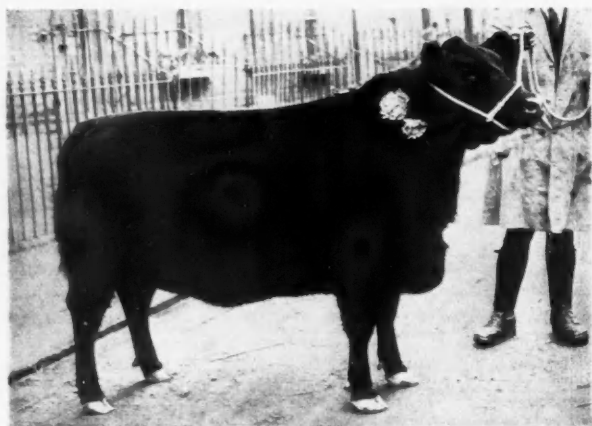
Whether the functions of a modern judge of livestock are open to similar criticisms to those levelled against examiners there may be a good deal of variety of opinion, but there is at least some consistency in the manner with which some exhibitors manage to catch the eye of the judge year after year. I heard this week of a party of Devon farmers who visited Mr. J. J. Cridlan's farm at Maisemore in Gloucestershire some two years ago and had four young heifers paraded in front of them. They were invited to judge these and did so according to their best judgment. Mr. Cridlan heard their verdict, and concerning the one that was placed at the bottom he said: "That is the animal I hope will one day be the Smithfield champion." Whether this was Pride of Maisemore 55th, that carried all before her in London last week, I could not ascertain; but it is fairly obvious that here we have in Mr. Cridlan a real genius, who can, by breeding and feeding, kill

both birds with one stone, and who to-day, with nine supreme Smithfield championships to his credit, has achieved something that no one else has ever done before. This sort of thing is the best apology, if such is needed, for careful pedigree stock breeding. It makes one feel fairly confident also in acclaiming the merits of the Aberdeen-Angus breed, which by every test known to stock-breeders to-day stands supremely entrenched as the first favourite in the world of good-quality beef production.

By general consent this has been a good show. Increased interest was conferred on the Show by reason of the prevailing uncertainty as to which animal would ultimately be found surrounded by fencing to make a pen all by itself. There had been rumours at Norwich, Birmingham and Edinburgh that something good was likely to be seen. Those who were at last year's Smithfield Club Show were mindful of a beautiful heifer from the Maisemore herd that won the junior championship, and she returned to her Gloucestershire home in preparation for this year's Show. One can never be quite certain how things are going to turn out until Norwich, Birmingham and Edinburgh have yielded their verdicts. Norwich was an easy matter for Mr. Cridlan's first parade, while the Scottish contingent showed that preference was this year given to a Galloway steer—the first of its breed to win the supreme Edinburgh championship. Mr. Cridlan did not show at Birmingham, where Lady Robinson had a well merited victory with an Aberdeen-Angus. So in the cattle section at least there was room for speculation. The ultimate results gave general



H.M. THE KING'S CROSSBRED HEIFER, WINDSOR
ELITA. Best Heifer in the Show under two years



(Left) LADY ROBINSON'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS HEIFER, IRIS OF KIRKLINGTON. First Prize, Silver Cup, and Best Heifer in Show over 15 months. Reserve Champion to £50 Cup and Reserve Champion King's Challenge Cup.
(Right) MR. J. G. GRAY'S RED POLL HEIFER, DELAMERE MARQUE

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satisfaction, in which the King's Challenge Cup for the best beast in the Show went to Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Pride of Maisemore 55th, an absolutely perfect specimen of her breed, of which her owner himself has said that he has never produced a better. Thus the verdict of Norwich was sustained against the wider competition. The runner-up was a senior Aberdeen-Angus steer entered by George G. Reid—a great scale of animal that in the previous week had only been considered good enough to be the reserve to the supreme champion animal at Edinburgh.

H.M. the King—who, as usual, was the most prominent exhibitor, taking section by section—had the satisfaction of having the championship in the baby beef section, and followed it up with the reserve championship as well. These were Aberdeen-Angus—Shorthorn crosses, and it says much for the new policy that is being followed at Windsor in regard to cross-breeding for the production of first-class baby beefs.

Lady Robinson, of Kirklington in Nottinghamshire, had every reason to be well satisfied with the record of her Aberdeen-Angus exhibits, as she had the championship of the junior heifers, with Lord Forteviot, the runner-up. There were in general some well known names among the successful exhibitors. Mr. W. J. King earned another cup in the Devon section; Mr. James Medlicott, with Herefords. Mr. J. V. Rank must feel well satisfied with his first Shorthorn championship at Smithfield on his first visit; and Brigadier-General Holdsworth maintained his superiority in Sussex cattle.

The sheep industry has experienced a good year, and

flock-masters have little to regret concerning this year's exhibits. Hampshire Downs once again claimed supreme honours for Mr. E. Clifton-Brown, Southdowns being reserve for Messrs. John Langmead and Sons' pen. This Hampshire Down revival is of more than passing interest, and one begins to wonder what has happened to that succession of Suffolk victories to which we had become accustomed at one stage. Lincolns from Mr. E. Addison's old flock were the best of the long-wools, and Welsh Mountains were judged to be the best of the mountain breeds. Mr. Clifford Nicholson once again showed the Kentish flock-masters how to breed and feed Romney Marsh sheep in Lincolnshire.

The pig section was not to be regarded as a model of the best that can be put up. Even here we are becoming accustomed to Lord Daresbury's wonderful consistency in annexing the supreme championship, and two such awards went his way for exhibits from his Walton herd of Large Whites. It is being increasingly conceded that Large Whites are likely to dominate competitions in the future, but there is still a firm attachment to some of the other breeds, especially for the provision of material for crossing. Berkshires still hang on to their claim to be the perfect pork pig, and Mr. E. Clifton-Brown's pair were adjudged the best in this section.

One was interested to see a carry-over of dairy machinery at this Show—a feature that was formerly foreign to it. This proves how much farmers think of dairying even at a fat stock show.



MR. J. V. RANK'S SHORTHORN HEIFER, BAPTON
AUGUSTA 11TH



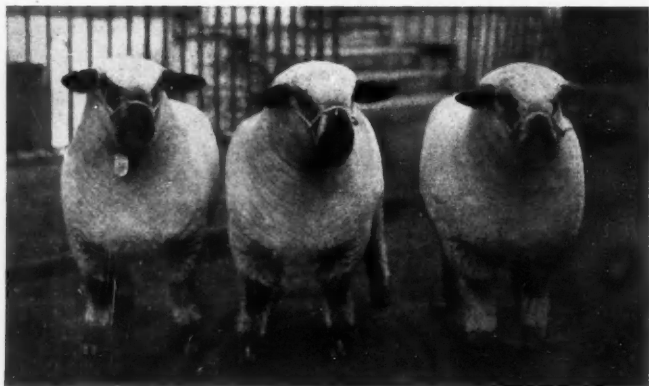
MR. W. J. KING'S DEVON STEER,
DEFENDER



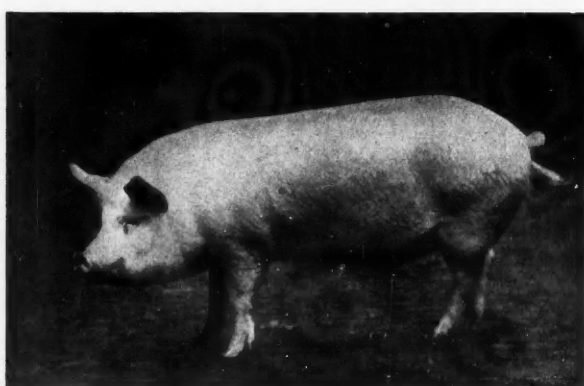
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MR. J. MEDLICOTT'S HEREFORD STEER, BODENHAM
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Mr. E. Clifton-Brown's three fat wether Hampshire Down Lambs



SUPREME CHAMPION PIG OF THE SHOW
Lord Daresbury's Large White

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Dear Sir,

20th April, 1934.

A sample of 'Certified' Milk produced by you, and taken from Messrs. Hammetts Dairies, 175, Sidwell Street, Exeter, on the 17th instant, has been reported upon by the bacteriologist as follows:—

Total organisms - - 26 per c.c.
B.coli - - - Absent in 1 c.c.

This is an excellent result.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) ARTHUR E. BONHAM, F.S.I.A.,
Chief Inspector.

Mr. T. TOZER,
Huxham Barton,
Stoke Canon, nr. Exeter.

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THE ESTATE MARKET

VERY ENCOURAGING SALES

LORD HAREWOOD wishes to let Goldsborough Hall, near Knaresborough, furnished or otherwise, and the shooting over 2,000 acres would be included if a tenant wished. The many-gabled house exhibits eighteenth century modifications of a seventeenth century elevation. It has been most elaborately modernised residentially. The parklands of about 100 acres contain a large lake. Hunting can be had with the York and Ainsty and the Bramham Moor packs. The Nidd affords trout and grayling fishing. Lord Harewood has given orders to Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff to effect a letting of the Hall.

THE HACKWOOD PARK SALE

HACKWOOD PARK, Basingstoke, as was stated a week ago, has been bought by Lord Camrose from Lord Bolton. It is with pleasure that we append the full text of the formal notification of the event, that we have received from Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. We take occasion to remark that throughout over a quarter of a century the Hanover Square office has made a practice of issuing admirably lucid announcements of property dealings by them. The language in which those notices are concisely couched is clear and direct, and always bears the impress of a practical mind expressed in literary fashion. In *COUNTRY LIFE*, illustrated special articles on Hackwood have appeared (Vol. XIII, page 48; and Vol. XXXIII, pages 706 and 742, with extra references in correspondence and so forth, such as Vol. LXX, page 315). The text of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's note is as follows:

Lord Bolton has just sold through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for private occupation, Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, with 2,478 acres, one of the most notable seats in Hampshire. The purchaser is Lord Camrose, who has also leased the sporting rights over the whole estate of 6,000 acres. The mansion is an imposing and beautiful example of the Georgian era, enriched throughout with Grinling Gibbons carvings of exceptional merit, and seated in a magnificently timbered deer park of 800 acres. It was the favourite home for many years of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and after his death continued to be leased by Lady Curzon.

The history of the mansion is interesting, for it is said to have originated in a hawking lodge, built in Queen Elizabeth's time on the Basing estate, for the accommodation of the company from Basing House when they assembled for hawking, and for their entertainment to a banquet when sport was over. It was erected in Hagwood or "Hawking Wood," whence the present name of Hackwood is derived, and was connected with Basing House by long avenues of chestnuts. Queen Elizabeth's stay of no less than a fortnight at Basing House in 1601 taxed that splendid mansion to capacity, and it may well have been on that occasion that Hackwood was first called into requisition as a residence.

At all events, following the famous siege and subsequent razing to the ground of Basing House during the Civil War, Hackwood took its place as the principal residence of the Paulet family in these parts. Between the years 1683 and 1688 the former hunting lodge was converted by Charles Paulet, sixth Marquess of Winchester, and later first Duke of Bolton, into a dignified pile surrounded by an extensive formal lay-out in the manner of Le Notre. His successor added statuary and temples to the gardens, also an amphitheatre, which is traditionally connected with "Polly Peachum" the actress, who is said to have sung there in



GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, YORKSHIRE: THE EAST FRONT

Spring Wood after coming to Hackwood as the wife of the third Duke in 1751. Following her death in 1760 the mansion was enriched with excellent Gibbons carvings brought from another seat of the Paulet family at Abbotstone, near Alresford. The mansion was further much enlarged and altered between the years 1805 and 1821 by the architect Lewis Wyatt, who gave it its present lay-out and exterior. Lord Curzon was greatly devoted to Hackwood, and during his tenancy he added much to its charm by judiciously adapting the house to modern needs and introducing many appropriate works of art and objects of *virtu*.

Hatch House Farm, Hazeleigh, between Celmsford and Maldon, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The modernised residence goes with 29 acres.

Thurston Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, has been sold by Messrs. Arthur Rutter, Sons and Co., with 5 acres.

Whitmore Lodge, Sunninghill, a freehold on the Surrey and Berkshire border, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on behalf of Mr. V. L. Oliver. Messrs. Curtis and Henson acted for the purchaser. Whitmore Lodge, between Ascot and Virginia Water, opposite Sunningdale Park and less than two miles from Sunningdale golf course, includes a modern residence in grounds over a hundred years old and containing a giant cedar of Lebanon. There are 22 acres.

New Lodge, Reigate, an eighteenth century house, with 11 acres, on Cockshott Hill, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Watkin and Watkin.

Marchfield, Binfield, a small Berkshire estate of 17½ acres, has been sold by Messrs. J. Watts and Son.

Acting for a client, Messrs. H. Lidington and Co. have arranged the purchase of Glanbrydan Park estate, near Llandilo. The property of 1,400 acres includes the mansion, eighteen farms, a secondary residence, cottages, and a mile of salmon and trout fishing in the River Towry, 100 acres of woodland, and some of the finest dairying land in Carmarthenshire.

HONINGHAM: £50,427

MR. H. JACKSON STOPS conducted the sale of the Honingham Hall estate, which was offered in seventy-seven lots, Messrs. Francis Hornor and Sons acting in conjunction at Norwich. The estate, seven miles from Norwich on the main road to King's Lynn, extends to 3,265 acres. It includes Honingham Hall, a dignified Elizabethan residence, partly built in 1605, which was inherited in 1887 by Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, M.P. (Lord Ailwyn). Mr. Jackson Stops described Norfolk as one of the most beautiful counties in England, full of pheasants and partridges. In these disturbed times land was the safest investment, and for that reason was being acquired by far-seeing investors. The success of the Government Loan at 2½ per cent. has shown that land must

be a good investment at 5 per cent. The sale was well attended, bidding was brisk, and the sales, including timber, realised £50,427 for fifty-six lots. Honingham Hall, with 161 acres is now for sale at £10,000.

BELGRAVIA FLATS

A KEEN demand for flats in Belgravia is reported by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons. In Nos. 44-49, Lowndes Square, seventy-eight flats, only one is still available; and Nos. 24-26, Lowndes Street, the site of Chelsea House, is now being rapidly occupied. The firm, who are also the agents for the recently erected flats, Belgravia House, Halkin Place, report that these are

much sought after, as the position is a very quiet one, adjoining Belgrave Square, tenants having the convenience of a lock-up garage forming part of the building. Half of these flats have already been let. The firm has sold the long Westminster lease of No. 28, North Audley Street, and the Westminster lease of flats, No. 1, Eaton Gate.

Messrs. Ellis and Sons (through their Dover Street, Piccadilly, office) have sold The Pantiles, Finchley Road, Temple Fortune, a new block of forty flats; and two freeholds in High Street, Bloomsbury.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons offer a 90-acre freehold estate having a frontage of 3,000ft. to the main London-St. Albans road, with frontages to parish roads of 5,000ft. It is a level site, ripe for development, and "town-planned" for 695 houses.

Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co. have sold 34 acres adjoining the Southern Railway between Sunbury and Shepperton, in the parish of Upper Hallford, and 5 acres in Egham Hythe, near Staines Bridge.

A freehold of 25 acres with frontages on the Cambridge arterial road at Hoddesdon has been sold by Messrs. A. D. Mackintosh and Co. The land will be developed as a miniature garden suburb of 275 houses, and a block of shops, the firm to be the managing agents.

Transactions by Messrs. Winkworth and Co. include the sale of Newland Park, Chalfont St. Giles, a Georgian residence with 175 acres of undulating parkland. The residence is approached by an avenue drive, and the gardens are most attractive. Messrs. Winkworth and Co. purchased this property some years ago from the former owner, Sir James Roberts, and the present sale, following the disposal of 90 acres of the outlying land, completes the disposal of the estate. Other transactions by Messrs. Winkworth and Co. include the sale (following the auction) of Holmer Ridings, Holmer Green, a small Queen Anne manor house with 10 acres, on the Chiltern Hills, to a purchaser introduced by Messrs. Hammett Raffety and Co.

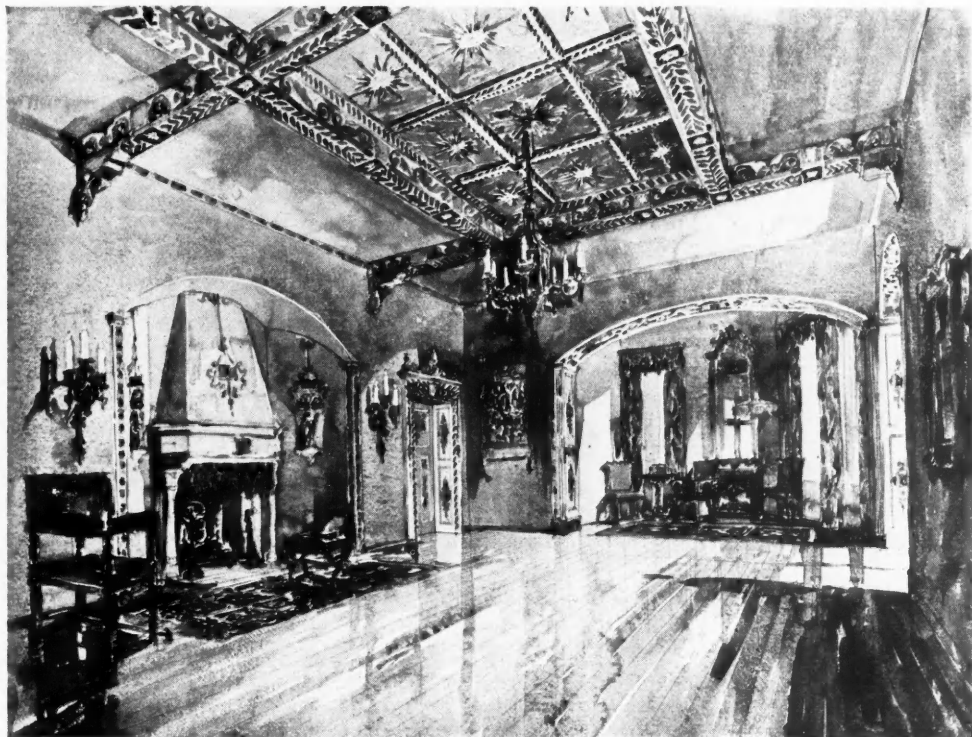
Galsworthy's Sussex home, Bury House, Pulborough, a stone house in 12 acres, has been sold by private treaty by Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

Messrs. St. John Smith and Son have sold the Elizabethan residence Peckhams, Halland, near Lewes. The property, formerly an old religious house, contains fine oak paneling and timbering, and has been restored. There are a secondary residence and a farmery of a total area of 40 acres. Mr. B. M. Lowe acted on behalf of the purchaser.

Since the auction, Messrs. Hampton and Sons have, with Messrs. Slade and Church, sold Tadorne, Kingswood, 4 acres. Building sites adjoining, close to Walton Heath golf course, remain for disposal. **ARB. TER.**

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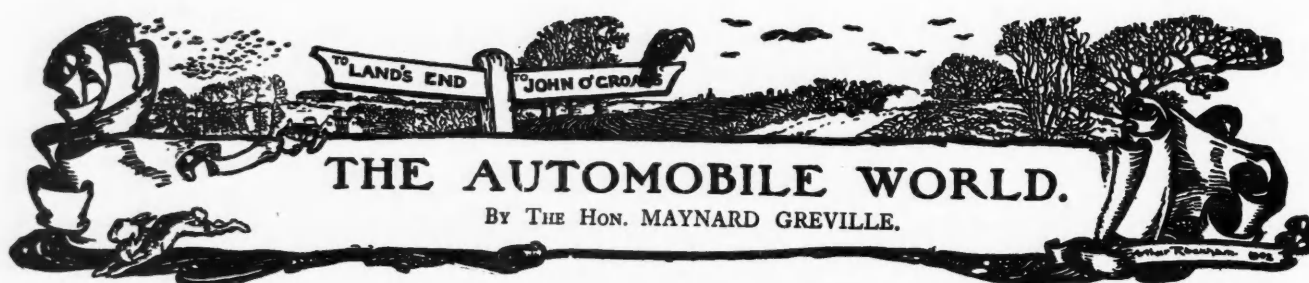
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NEW CARS TESTED.—XXX: HUMBER TWELVE VOGUE SALOON

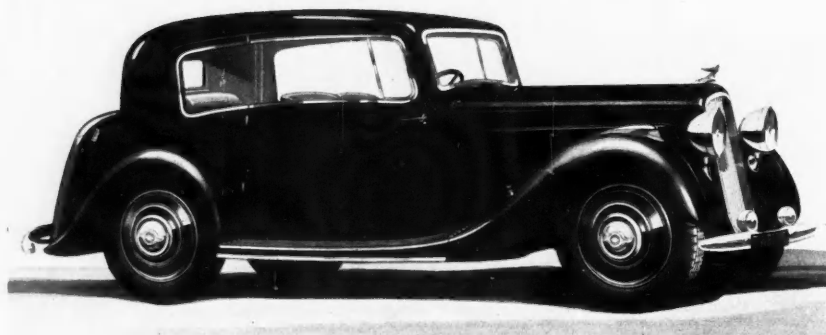
SOME firms seem to have the knack of doing the right thing at the right moment, while others always come on the scene with their "high spot" either too late or too early. Many an excellent model has never received the attention which was its due because it was either ahead of its time or had come too late, when someone else had already skimmed the cream off that particular market.

Of course, it is better to be ahead of one's time than behind it, as not only is one more likely to reap the benefit at the time but one has not the prospect of having to re-design completely the model in the next year or so. One can, however, be too far ahead of one's time. The ideas embodied in the model may be sound, but unusual and unproved, and in that case some other manufacturer is certain to come along with your own ideas in a slightly improved form at a later date and reap the benefit. The motor industry can be compared to a column of troops marching. Anyone who breaks the ranks in trying to rush ahead is just as likely to get into trouble as anyone who falls back.

The real art of designing cars is to be just sufficiently ahead of one's time not to have to change the model appreciably for several years, so that while it will remain modern it will be a proved and popular model for a long period.

Since their control by the Rootes organisation Humber have shown a genius for not only producing the right model at the right time, but also for putting on the road a series of cars which have held their own for a number of years with, of course, modifications. The present Snipe and Eighteen are direct descendants of the original Snipe and Sixteen, while the Twelve, which was produced a year or two later and is the smallest car in the range and the only four-cylinder, shows an equal capacity for holding its own through the years.

I had an opportunity of trying out one of the 1936 Twelve Vogue saloons recently, and found it a still more pleasant edition of last year's model. The car I



THE HUMBER TWELVE VOGUE SALOON

tried had only some 400 miles on the speedometer and was therefore not at its best as regards performance, and the figures could undoubtedly be improved on a car which was fully run in.

The most pleasant feature of the car is its extreme smoothness and quietness. It is really hard to believe that it is a four at speeds of about 30 m.p.h., and anyone being introduced to the car for the first time would think there were six cylinders beneath the bonnet.

Another excellent feature is the road holding. Not only does the car give one a feeling of confidence by the way it holds the road, but in addition it seems to be quite impervious to bad handling. It will be noticed that the braking figures are amazingly good,

when it is remembered that my tests are always deliberately taken on an ordinary tarred surface of some age which would be termed slippery by many people, when wet, as it was on the day of the trial. These brakes, which are of the duo-servo type, require a light pedal pressure, and it seemed almost impossible to lock a wheel, however harshly

they were used. This desirable state of affairs was undoubtedly helped by the rigid frame with its central "X" member for cross bracing, and also by the excellent weight distribution of the whole vehicle. The springing, while being comfortable, is sufficiently rigid to ensure absolute safety at speed, and there is no side sway on corners. Vari-load springing is used, long semi-elliptic springs being fitted.

The steering is very light and pleasant at all speeds, and I cannot speak too highly of the general behaviour of the chassis on the road, particularly as regards safety.

The engine is a four-cylinder side-valve unit with a Stromberg down-draught carburettor. The induction system is Humber's own and is known as cyclonic. Coil ignition is used, the advance and retard being entirely automatic. Incidentally, I found it quite impossible to make the engine pink by ill usage on the top gear, and the vehicle would pull away from remarkably low speeds on the top gear, the only sign of distress when the engine was really brutally used being the slight tremor of the power unit on its rubber mountings.

A genuine maximum speed of about 65 m.p.h. was available on the car I tried, and this would represent engine revolutions of slightly over 4,000 per minute, when the power unit is stated to develop 42 b.h.p. Incidentally, the gear lever, though quite short and stiff and not being of the wobbly kind, was easy to reach. The hand brake was very conveniently placed out of the way of the off-side door under the fascia board.

The Vogue saloon body, inspired by Molyneux and built by Humber, is now well known. It is pleasing in appearance, and is pre-eminently suitable for a lady driver. For myself, I prefer the excellent standard saloon.

Specification.

Four cylinders, 69.5mm. bore by 110mm. stroke. Capacity, 1,669 c.c. £9 tax. Side valves. Three-bearing crank shaft. Stromberg down-draught carburettor. Engine suspended at three points on rubber cushions. Coil ignition. Four-speed gear box with central lever, and synchro-mesh on all gears. Over-all length, 13ft. 6½ins.; over-all width, 5ft. 3½ins. Vogue saloon, £335. Six-light saloon, £285.

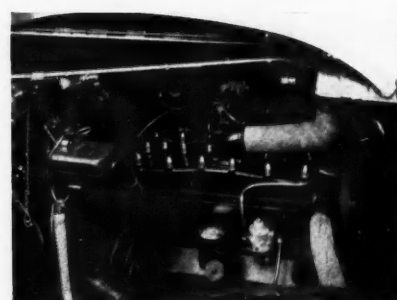
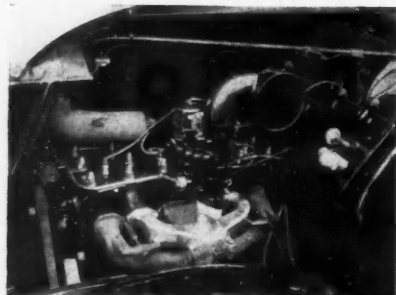
Performance.

Tapley Meter.—Maximum pull on top gear of 5.33 to 1 of 150lb. per ton, equal to climbing a gradient of 1 in 14.9 at a steady speed. Maximum pull on third gear of 8 to 1 of 250lb. per ton, equal to gradient of 1 in 8.9. Maximum pull on second gear of 13.5 to 1 of 400lb. per ton, equal to gradient of 1 in 5.5. Bottom gear ratio, 19.2 to 1. Accelerating pull on top gear, 130lb. per ton, equal to acceleration from 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 15.3secs.

Speedometer.—Top gear: 10 to 20 m.p.h. in 7.2secs.; 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 15.3secs.; 10 to 40 m.p.h. in 22secs.; and 10 to 50 m.p.h. in 29secs. On second gear: 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 9secs. Standing 50 m.p.h. through the gears in 25secs.

Brakes.

Duo-servo brakes on all four wheels. Ferodo Tapley meter, 96 per cent. on wet tarred surface. Stop in 13½ft. from 20 m.p.h., in 31½ft. from 30 m.p.h., and in 86ft. from 50 m.p.h. Weight of car as tested, one up, 1 ton 8cwt. 2qrs.





People show their delight in different ways. When Eyston won his world's records, several respectable elders of Utah were seen dancing on their hats: Eyston himself, the man most concerned, merely said, "I am satisfied." And you will be satisfied, if you give your car the petrol that Eyston chose—'BP' Ethyl. You can buy it, exactly as he used it, from any 'BP' Ethyl Pump. And you need not dance on your hat.

CAPT. EYSTON'S WORLD'S RECORD
3,372 MILES IN 24 HOURS.

For 24 hours his Rolls-Royce Kestrel engined car was driven at an average speed of 140.522 M.P.H. He used nothing but 'BP' Ethyl exactly as sold from the pump. What better proof could there be of the excellence and reliability of 'BP' Ethyl on the road?



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CANCER

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Until a cure is discovered to master this insidious disease the possibility of its dangerous attack upon your own life, or the lives of those you love, cannot be dismissed. 61,572 deaths occurred in England and Wales alone last year.

The day may come when cancer is conquered, but until then thousands of people, in all walks of life, must continue to suffer and to die.

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LIGHTING-UP TIME

AN appeal is made by the Royal Automobile Club to all road users to switch on or light their lamps immediately road conditions demand such action, and not to delay until legal lighting-up time.

There is, I know, a lot of opposition to lighting-up before the legal time, founded on the argument that when the light is bad it is more easy to see another road user without lights at all. Some people have actually written to say that the side lamps of cars are more dazzling than anything else.

I have, I am afraid, little patience with this sort of plea. If anyone is really dazzled by the side lamps of the modern car they should not be on the road, and the Minister of Transport should at once arrange a test for these individuals. The side lamps of a car are merely intended to show its position on the road and not to give a light ahead, except for driving at really low speed. They would, of course, be able to show the kerb, or where the kerb should be, at low speeds.

Head-lamp dazzle is, in my opinion, largely a matter of suggestion. So far as I am concerned I would much rather that the approaching motorist kept his head lamps full on. There is no necessity to look at them as if one was a rabbit, and it is perfectly easy to pick out the rear reflector of a bicyclist with the opposition headlamps full on provided one does not look at them.

As the R.A.C. points out, every road user who has had

experience of driving or riding in the half-light that precedes darkness will agree that it is probably the most dangerous period of the twenty-four hours. On gloomy evenings it may be necessary therefore to light up before the time legally prescribed.

THE R.A.C. RALLY, 1936

OVER fifty entries have already been received for the Royal Automobile



THE VAUXHALL 1936 BIG SIX SALOON

Club Rally which will take place on March 24th to 28th, terminating at 1 orquay. The maximum number of entries that can be accepted is four hundred, and not more than one hundred will be allowed to start from any one control.

In each of the four years that the Rally has been held a very large number of entries, averaging about one hundred and fifty, has been received by the Club in the last three days before entries close. Such a last-minute rush, though it is understandable, involves a considerable amount of extra work and trouble, especially so when, as last year, nearly fifty entries had to be returned, the total number having been exceeded.

The R.A.C. therefore appeals to intending entrants to co-operate with the Club by sending in their completed entries as soon as possible. This not only ensures acceptance, but also leaves an ample margin of time to adjust any small difficulties that may arise, so far as starting, controls, times, routes, etc., and other matters are concerned.

FOG DRIVING

MAY I appeal to all motorists to observe the rules of the road during this time of the year, particularly when there is frequently fog about. To leave a car on the wrong side of the road, with or without its lights on, during dense fog is, in my estimation, definitely dangerous driving, but I have seen this done twice on a main road in Essex during the last few weeks. At all times it is incumbent on a driver at the present time to observe the Road Code, but more especially is this necessary during dense fog.

Cocktail Confessions

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

"A good cocktail must be made with Gordon's Gin."

SIR JOHN LAVERY

"When I order a cocktail I always say 'with Gordon's Gin.'"

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

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"Gordon's Gin makes all the difference to a cocktail."

SIR HENRY LYTTON

"A cocktail without Gordon's is a waste of the other ingredients."

COUNTESS HOW

"I always see that great care is taken in the preparation of the cocktails and this naturally includes my insistence on Gordon's."

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"In a cocktail there is no gin to compare with Gordon's Gin."

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WINTER DAYS IN NORWAY

THE FINEST SNOWFIELDS IN EUROPE

I HAVE crossed the North Sea backwards and forwards between England and Norway some fifty times, and seen those four hundred miles of water that separate the smoky coast of Northumberland and the first rocks and mountain tops of Norway at their best and at their worst. And some of the best crossings have been in mid-winter. The North Sea can be unbelievably mild when one least expects it. Its winter reputation is bad, but, like the legend of Biscay, it is exaggerated. There are many days in between the spells of storm when it is as docile as a bathing pool, calm and glittering and wonderful as only a clear winter day of frost and northern sunshine can make it.

If you are lucky enough to strike such weather for your crossing, the journey between Newcastle and Norway will provide the perfect prelude to a Norwegian winter sports holiday.

The voyage to Bergen is now made in twenty-one hours from the Tyne. The boats leave Newcastle in the late afternoon, and in clear weather, the Norwegian coast is sighted soon after lunch the next day.

That first view of Norway in winter is one of the memorable experiences that come to a traveller in his wanderings. The mountains rise sheer from the sea, snow-covered and still and slightly tinged with pink in the sun's rays. There is the lovely brittle-bright light over everything that you only get in the northern latitudes. The air can be strangely windless even in the depth of winter, and the almost motionless sea, the brisk cold, and the huge frieze of the distant snow peaks, banking the whole horizon, build up into an unforgettable scene.

Between January and April every town and village in Norway is, in effect, a winter sports centre. The ski is the national means of foot transport. Children seem to be born on skis, and you see tousled urchins performing feats that it takes skiers of other nationalities months of practice to accomplish—and then but moderately.

Two of the great winter sports regions of Norway (if one must be selective in a country that is in reality one huge and wonderful snowfield) are the Hardanger



SKI-ING AT MJOLFJELL, A RESORT ON THE OSLO-BERGEN RAILWAY

country and the mountain district of the Dovrefjell.

The train that is waiting along the quayside as the Newcastle boat steams into Bergen goes straight to the Hardanger mountains. Five hours from Bergen you are at Finse or Haugastøl; and any of these stations along the *höjfell* section of the line are first-class winter sports centres.

Finse stands at nearly 4,000ft., the highest station on the spectacular line that crosses Norway between Bergen and Oslo. The scenery is bleak and arctic, beautiful as only such remote mountain regions can be. Reindeer herds wander over the snowy uplands, and the undulations of the snowfields make flawless ski-ing country. The dominating mountain mass is the Hardangerjökelen, a huge shape that rises to the south, with its glacier summits glinting like polished metal in the sunlight.

This strong winter sunlight of Norway provides warmth and cheer with the thermometer standing many degrees below zero. And in March, which is one of the best ski-ing months, the sun is giving fifteen hours of daylight, which has increased to twenty hours by the beginning of May, when winter sports are still practicable in the high-lying centres.

There are many *höjfell* stations along the Bergen railway—Finse, Haugastøl, Ustaoset, Myrdal, Geilo. All of them are equally good, standing as they do right upon the snowfields, with the vast white sweeps of country running straight to their hotel doors.

The formation of the Norwegian mountains makes them ideal for ski-ing. Unlike the jagged, precipitous Alps, they range above the valleys in broad, humped masses where the naturally graded undulations give miles of open slopes. Snow conditions, too, are stable; and the crisp, smooth surfaces have no equal anywhere in the world.

Routes are well marked by stone cairns, and both the Hardanger country and the Dovrefjell

area are carefully mapped. It is possible to make ski journeys from one hut or hotel or hospice to another lasting a fortnight or more, though such an expedition, of course, should not be undertaken singly.

The winter resorts along the railway system that runs northward through Norway from Oslo to Trondheim bring one into contact with the snowfields of the Dovrefjell, the great central mountain area of Norway. Here such places as Opdal, Hjerkin, Sjøa, Dombas, and Fokstua are popular centres. Many of these mountain stations have their origins in remote little wooden huts erected as places of refuge for travellers in past days. There are no hotels of the "palace" type amid the snowfields of Norway, and one hopes there never will be. Comfort, good food, scrupulous cleanliness, and a sincere welcome and hospitality—of these one can always be sure. For hospitality to the stranger is a deep-lying trait of the Norwegian character. I do not think there is any other country in Europe where English people in particular feel so instinctively at home.

If you go to Norway for winter sports you get them. The open-air life amid the invigorating snow is placed first in importance. There are always good orchestras to dance to in the evenings. At a very small country hotel it may be supplied by a local pianist and accordion player. But however simple the instruments, the music will be good. And, after a hard day's ski-ing, you will never be refused admittance to the dining saloon, to partake of the food which your toils have richly earned you, because you do not feel inclined to change into evening dress.

Both sea routes to Norway start from Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Bergen journey is covered by the ships of the B. and N. Line, whose fastest vessel makes the crossing in twenty-one hours. The service to Oslo is maintained by the Fred. Olsen Line—a thirty-eight hour journey, of which the last twelve hours lie along the coast of southern Norway and through the lovely scenery and sheltered waters of the Oslo Fjord.

Oslo itself is in many ways a good winter sports centre. The surrounding hill country, covered with forests through which many ski routes run, is quickly reached from the centre of the city, and there are skating rinks and many good toboggan runs.

GEOFFREY PINNOCK

Grey Owl's "Pilgrims of the Wild."—Through a printer's error, the price of this book was given as 7s 6d. instead of 12s. 6d., in the advertisement of Messrs. Lovat Dickson that appeared in the issue of "Country Life" for December 7th.



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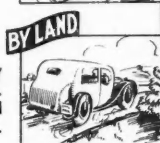
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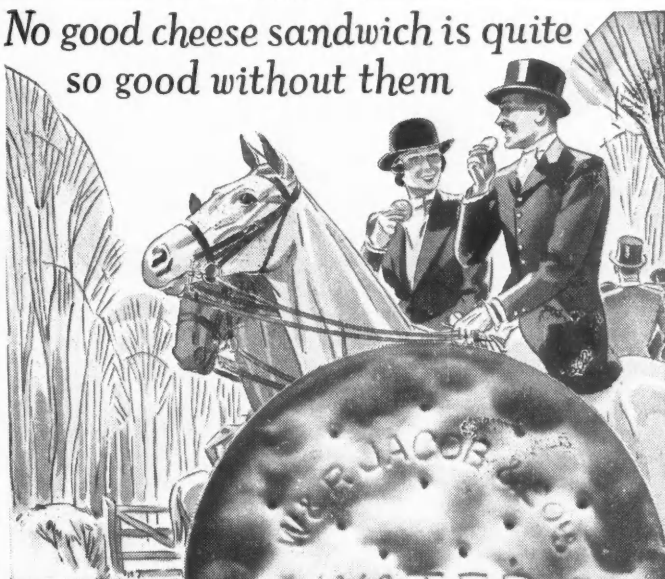
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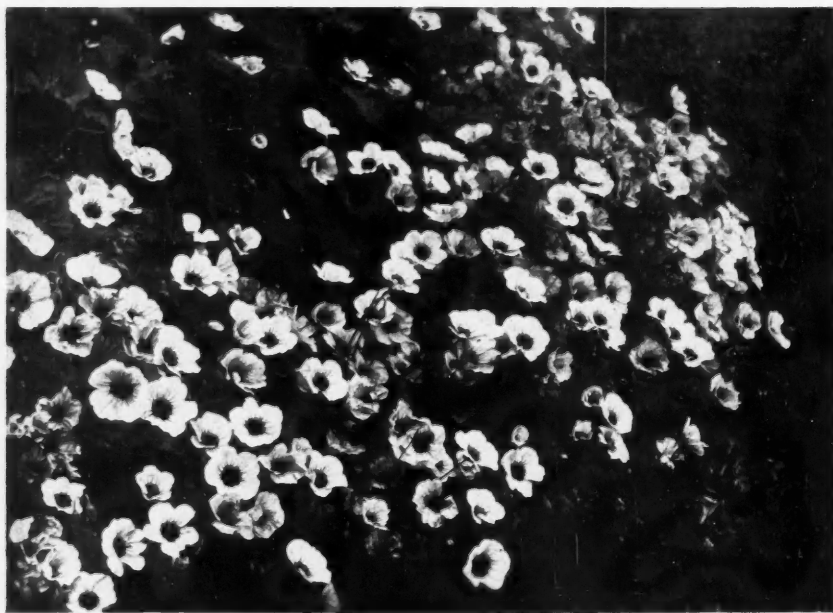
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IN THE GARDEN

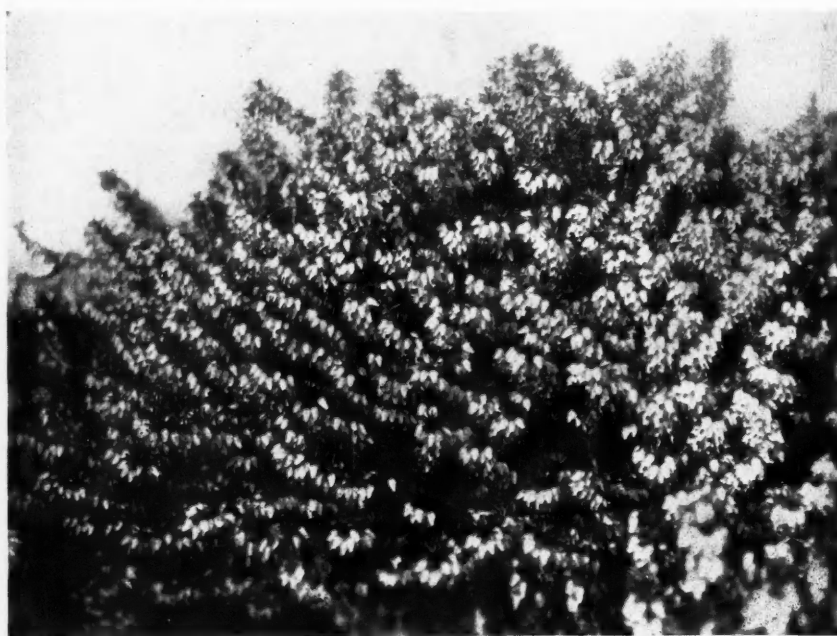
THE heaths which give colour from December onwards through the winter and early spring have a place of very special value in the garden landscape. Flowers are not so plentiful at this season that any can afford to be overlooked, and least of all these cheerful little shrubs that are as hardy as nails and afford such a striking display over a long season in the darkest days. The one known as *Erica darleyensis* is the most precocious of them as well as one of the most useful winter flowers we have. As early as November its rosy pink flowers begin to appear and, if the weather is kind, are given in abundance right on until April, when it has the company of its cousin *E. carnea*, which commences in January or earlier, depending on the weather, and reaches its climax in April. No garden should be without *E. carnea*. It is a beautiful little shrub of spreading habit, and with its masses of rose pink bells is as attractive as it is accommodating in its ways. Novelty continues to swell the ranks of this fine species, and among them none is more worthy of recognition than the white form named *Springwood*, introduced a year or two ago. The ordinary albino form of *E. carnea* is rather a disappointing plant as regards the colour of its flowers, which are anything but white, and this newcomer is far superior, with long, narrow bells of ivory whiteness. It is still, unfortunately, on the expensive side compared with other varieties, but one or two plants will form a good investment, and once it is cheaper it can be planted in more generous drifts. Many of the older varieties still hold their own, and of these the dark crimson red *King George* is one of the best, while the *Prince of Wales*, *C. J. Backhouse*, *Pink Beauty*, and *Queen Mary* are others in shades of pink that no one faced with the planting of the front line of large shrub borders or a rock garden should be without, for the sake of their mass of lovely colour through the winter.

A FINE HARDY GERANIUM

INTRODUCED from Armenia over half a century ago, *Geranium armenum* has held a foremost place among the choicest of the taller cranesbills. During the last decade or so it has not been so frequently seen, probably owing to the interest of gardeners having been diverted towards newer things. But *G. armenum* is a species well worthy to rank with the best of herbaceous plants, not only in the border but among shrubs, in the woodland, and on well drained waterside banks. The deeply lobed, palmate leaves, five or six inches across, make a handsome clump, and the branching stems, rising to two or three feet, or leaning in semi-trailing fashion, bear from midsummer onwards an enormous crop of flowers. These flowers, bowl-shaped and one and a half inches in width, are an intensely rich ruby-crimson with dark veins radiating from an eye of gleaming jet. *G. armenum* is quite hardy. It will



ONE OF THE BEST OF THE HARDY CRANESBILLS, GERANIUM ARMENUM. A splendid hardy plant for border and woodland planting



THE FINE WHITE FORM OF THE WINTER-FLOWERING HEATH
ERICA CARNEA SPRINGWOOD WHITE

do in any medium loam that is free and well drained, and the only attention it ever needs is division and replanting in fresh soil every three or four years.

A PYGMY RASPBERRY

ONE of the raspberries, *Rubus arcticus*, is a delightful subject for rambling about an odd corner in thin woodland or the open, the soil being cool and stony. It does not exceed about four inches and bears at intervals throughout the later summer bright, up-staring pink flowers well over half an inch across. Nor is this all, for *R. arcticus* develops an autumnal colour of exceptional brilliance, the comparatively large leaves glowing with vivid blood-crimson and bronzy orange for several months. Since it spreads by underground runners, this wee shrub should be placed with care. But it is, as I have suggested, well worth a corner that it may call its own and where it can wander at will. I grow it in the open, the soil being always cool, and it has for stable companion that dainty little creeping speedwell, *Veronica canescens*. When the grey-green film of this lowly carpeter is dappled with its opal blue flowers these create a most attractive combination with the

pink of the *rubus*. The *veronica* may at times get overwhelmed by its neighbour, but the latter is so frequently being thinned out for propagating and giving away that it seldom becomes very dense. This little raspberry is also promising to make a congenial associate for dwarf rhododendrons. J.

A MINIATURE SCOTS PINE FOR THE ROCK GARDEN

OUR native *Pinus sylvestris* has given us several dwarf forms eminently suitable for the rock garden, but the subject of this note, *P. s. beauvronensis*, is certainly one of the best of them. This curious little tree is said to have originated in the nurseries of Transon Frères, at Beauvronne, near Orléans, nearly half a century ago, and it is actually a replica of the Scots pine in miniature. In growth it is so extremely slow that specimens twenty-five years old are no more than about eighteen inches high. The leaves are half an inch long and of rather a paler green than those of the type. They are also pressed more closely to the twigs than they are in the latter. But the branches have the characteristic right-angled spread of the species, and the tree, when no more than half a dozen inches in height, will present the rugged and gnarled appearance of some many-wintered veteran of the forest. A specimen that has been in my garden for some years stands at about eight inches. It is growing in poor, stony soil and makes about half an inch of growth each year, so that it is one of those dwarf shrubs that can be thoroughly relied on to remain dwarf.

A FINE OLD WALLFLOWER

AMONG the best of the old-time flowers none is worthy of more respect than *Cheiranthus Harpur Crewe*. This is a wallflower of well under medium height, with a close, stocky habit and narrow grey-green leaves. It is seldom out of bloom, but is at its best in May, when it puts up slender, erect and finely tapered flower spikes of some seven or eight inches in length. These, of which a copious succession is maintained for several months, are closely studded with small and buttony, very double blossoms in a rich, warm yellow to which a bronze reverse gives an additional richness of tone. There is no other wallflower quite like *Harpur Crewe*, none of its colour which yields such a dense mass of blossom over so long a period. It is admirably adapted for the rock garden or front of the mixed border, and makes a most striking companion for grape hyacinths or the blue *Lithospermum prostratum*. The only drawback to this excellent old plant is that lack of constitutional vigour common to many others long propagated by vegetative means. But I find that if cuttings are frequently made and these are put out in a fresh site they will give good service for several years. W.

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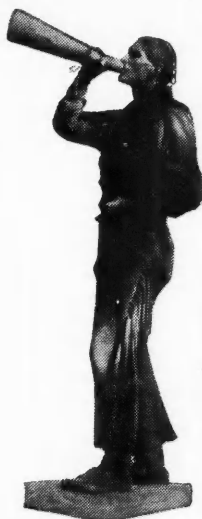
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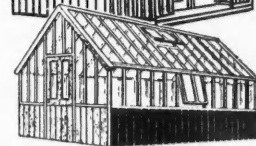
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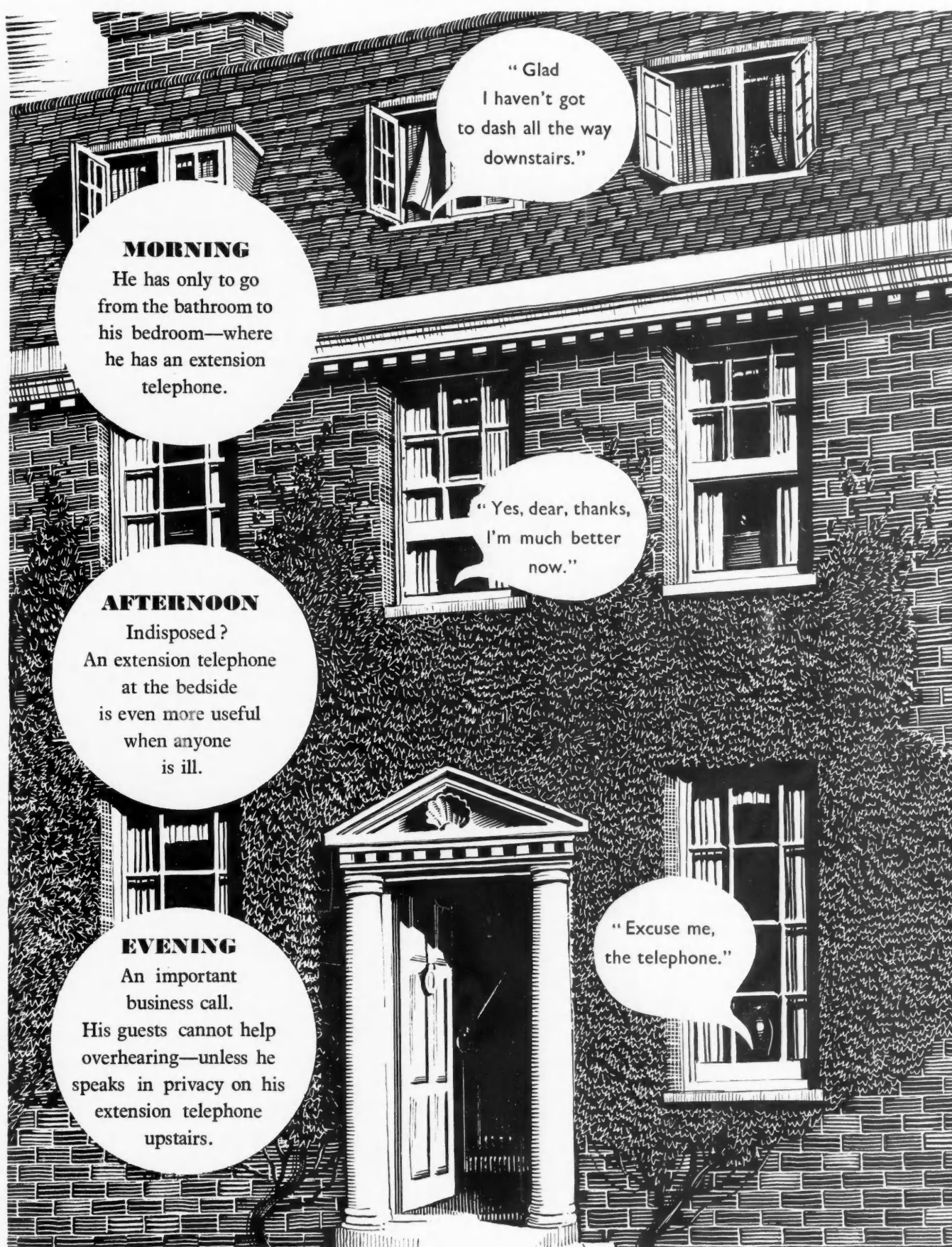
THE LADIES' FIELD

Lovely Evening Gowns for Hunt Balls

One vital thing to remember in choosing an evening gown for January Hunt balls is that it must not be any shade of red, pink or purple. Silver and gold, black, white, grey, and brown are the colours that look best with the men's pink coats, and the two dresses on this page, both from Machinka of Dover Street, are beautifully designed to go with them.



On the left is a graceful gown in brown crêpe printed with big silver rings ; there is a further touch of silver at the neck and in the soft sash. Above is a classic white gown, matt satin with shiny spots ; it has a wide silver belt, and draped panels hang from the shoulders down the back. Both gowns have trains.



As from 1st Jan. next, it will cost only 3/6 a quarter to make a convenient service more convenient still. Give your home an extension telephone this Christmas. The hand microphone instrument—a further convenience—is provided for a single additional payment of 10/-.

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CHILDREN'S FROCKS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

This is the party season, when blasé young women of three and six are going to a party every afternoon, and wearing their frocks so hard that they need a trousseau of party dresses to see them through the Christmas season. On the right are two frocks from Liberty's, both in pale blue taffeta, an attractive material which looks crisp and gay even at the end of a strenuous party. The six year old has pockets on her skirt and a bunch of flowers at the neck; there are frills on the collar and round the little puff sleeves. The three year old has a ruche round her skirt to match the ones on her collar and sleeves, and she wears a little wreath of many-coloured flowers in her hair and a bunch at her waist.



For a very special party, or perhaps for bridesmaids' frocks, the dresses on the left, both from Liberty's, are enchanting. The older girl wears a crisp white muslin dress, a very pretty material with an open-work check in it, over a washing satin foundation. Little garlands of pink and green flowers adorn her skirt, and also trim the neck and sleeves of the dress, which has a stiff little collar with scalloped edges and a green velvet belt. A bunch of the same flowers, fastened securely to a slide, adorns her hair. The little girl has a white satin frock with a wide blue sash, and the blue is repeated in the wreath she wears in her hair and the little garland round her wrist.

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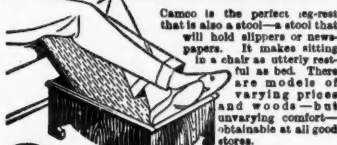
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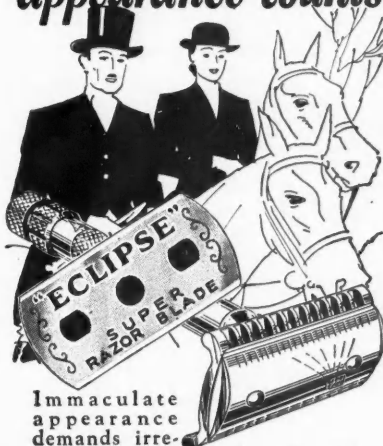


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